

# TAKE \* A \* TRIP

WITH THIS ISSUE OF

# MAD

IND

®

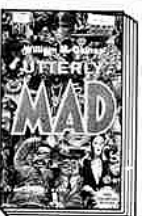
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No. 116

January '68







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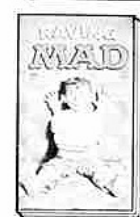
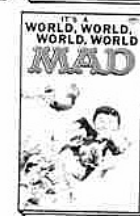
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# MAD

"Parents who have a lot of kids deserve plenty of credit! In fact, they can't very well get along without it!"—Alfred E. Neuman

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ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN, *editor*

JOHN PUTNAM *art director*

LEONARD BRENNER *production*

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CURTIS ANDERSON *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS

*the usual gang of idiots*

## DEPARTMENTS

### ANIMAL SINGDOM DEPARTMENT

Songs Of Pets ..... 38

### A TURN FOR THE WORSE DEPARTMENT

Late Night TV Roulette ..... 32

### BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPARTMENT

The Lighter Side Of Friendship ..... 22

### BOUND TO APPEAR DEPARTMENT

Best-Sellers We're Sure To See ..... 28

### BRATS MY LINE DEPARTMENT

MAD's Theatrical Agent Of The Year ..... 15

### BUMS AWAY DEPARTMENT

"Dirtier By The Dozen"—A MAD Movie Satire ..... 4

### COPY CAT-ASTROPHE DEPARTMENT

Ads We Never Got To See ..... 42

### DON MARTIN DEPARTMENT

A San Francisco Trip ..... 13

One Day On The Road ..... 41

### GERIANTICS DEPARTMENT

You Know You're Really Getting Old When ..... 26

### HIP-POCKETFUL OF DREAMS DEPARTMENT

A Celebrity's Wallet (Timothy Leary's) ..... 20

### JOKE AND DAGGER DEPARTMENT

Spy Vs. Spy ..... 19

### LETTERS DEPARTMENT

Random Samplings Of Reader Mail ..... 2

### LUNA-SEE DEPARTMENT

The Werewolf ..... 31

### MAD TAKES PLEASURE IN PRESENTING THIS DEPARTMENT

More Announcements For Everything ..... 36

### MARGINAL THINKING DEPARTMENT

Drawn-Out Dramas ..... \*\*

### SEASON'S GRATINGS DEPARTMENT

Christmas Cards To Seasonal Exploiters ..... 10

### THE SURLY BIRD MAKES US SQUIRM DEPARTMENT

The Joe Nasty Show ..... 43

\*\*Various Places Around The Magazine

## VITAL FEATURES

**DIRTIER  
BY  
THE  
DOZEN**  
Pg. 4



**CHRISTMAS  
CARDS TO  
SEASONAL  
EXPLOITERS**  
Pg. 10



**THE  
LIGHTER  
SIDE OF  
FRIENDSHIP**  
Pg. 22



**BEST  
SELLERS  
WE'RE SURE  
TO SEE**  
Pg. 28



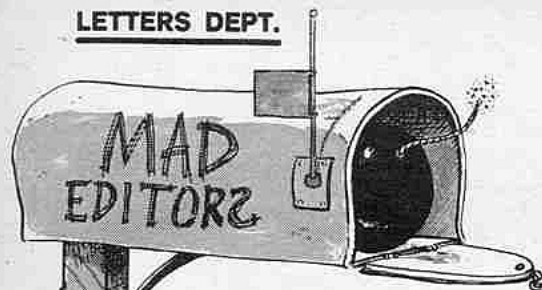
**SONGS  
OF  
HOUSEHOLD  
PETS**  
Pg. 38



**THE  
JOE  
NASTY  
SHOW**  
Pg. 43







## A MAD CAT'S COMMENT

Please accept my congratulations on the recent issues of your magazine. As a loyal reader for years, I have noted a general, albeit gradual, improvement in the humor content of MAD. Your satire, in particular, has risen from a mere slapstick swipe at the mores of our society to the level of deeply penetrating and bitterly stinging comments. Your artists and writers are at their best when shivering their lances upon the battlements of our sacred cows. The controversy stirred among your readers by these articles attests to their success. That some will misread and misinterpret is inevitable; that some will understand and see reflections of themselves and, like cats in a sand box, hastily contrive to cover it over is another indication of your success. Keep up the good work and your magazine will soon be recognized as the acute commentator on the "American Scene" it is becoming.

David Grant Best  
Washington, D.C.

Then again, it might only be recognized as a perfect lining for cat sand boxes!—Ed.

## MAD ON TELEVISION IN CANADA

After screening the thousands of feet of film we shot in your offices in New York, I can understand why no one else has ever attempted to do a documentary on MAD Magazine. However, it is believed that the program may have some merit if presented in an anthropological context. And so, the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation has scheduled the telecast for December 28th at 3 P.M. It is unfortunate that this coincides with the Christmas Holidays and that the program may be seen by some of our younger viewers. The least you could do is warn them.

Glenn Sarty  
Executive Producer  
"Take 30"  
CBC, Toronto, Ont. Can.

All you young Canadian MAD fans who watch TV, consider yourselves warned!—Ed.

## "Take 30" Invades MAD's Offices



## PRES. JOHNSON ON MADISON AVE.

I just borrowed the October issue (#114) from a friend, and I must tell you that "President Johnson on Madison Avenue" was the funniest thing I have ever read. Keep it up and I might even buy my own copy of MAD.

Denise Cooper  
Adrian, Michigan

"President Johnson on Madison Avenue" was fantabulous! It was the funniest thing I have ever read in your magazine. It was fair dinkum!

Paul Wilbee  
Scarboro, Ontario

It made me sick! I hope President Johnson reads it and does something about it. Whose side are you on, Bobby Kennedy's?

Mike Doon  
Canaan, New York

I've just finished reading "President Johnson on Madison Avenue". It is truly refreshing to note that no one is too powerful or important to escape MAD's satiric clutches. Keep up the great work.

Duane Paetzel  
Tracy, Minnesota

We have always enjoyed reading MAD, especially when you satirize the American way of life. But when you attack the prestige of the President of the United States, you are going too far.

William Swards  
Huntington, Mass.

I haven't even finished the magazine (#114), but I just wanted to tell you that I enjoyed "President Johnson on Madison Avenue" immensely. Good luck in your new line of business, whatever it may be!

Gregor Owen  
New York City

## SO HOW COME?

I have just finished reading "So How Come?" in the Oct. issue (#114). I have always found MAD articles to be zany, kooky and enjoyable, but this article was different. "So How Come?" was unusually true, sort of sad, and even touching. It was, as I said, a different sort of article, something I have never seen in MAD before. But I found it a strange and delightful change. Vive le MAD!

Linda Packer  
Highland Park, Illinois

If your "So How Come?" article was so great... and it was!... so how come it was printed in MAD?

Bill Akerlund  
Plainfield, New Jersey

If MAD is such a ridiculous, stupid magazine, so how come it keeps making sense to me?

Mark Evanier  
Los Angeles, California

## SOMBRE

Today, the Western movie has become a psychological study with bits of pompous jargon hurled in between gunplays. It is just about the worst thing that has ever happened to the Western film. Your crusade against this trend, starting off with your brilliant satire of "The Professionals" ("The Amateurs"—MAD #112), and carried on with your recent parody of "Hombre" ("Sombre"—MAD #114), is welcome and badly needed. These two films were both silly in their pretentiousness and sporadic in their action. They merely pretended to be big and rough and tough while wasting most of their time on needless idiotic probings of the psyche. What a bore!

Dale Winogura  
Los Angeles, California

So's your letter!—Ed

## DR. SEUSS FOR ADULTS

"The Cats Are All Bats—A Dr. Seuss Book For Adults" was the funniest thing in the issue.

Mike Grace  
Detroit, Michigan

It amazes me how your writers can capture the exact rhythm, pattern, rhyme scheme, meter and style in your poetry and literature parodies as shown by the past "If Famous Poets Had Written Mother Goose" and the recent "The Cats Are All Bats" by Dr. Seuss. In reference to the last article, I can imagine Bill Gaines asking Al Feldstein, "Do you think he'll Seuss for this?"

Doug Kalish  
Stony Brook, N.Y.

The juvenile style in juxtaposition with the adult subject matter is what made it so great!

Bob Vogel  
Indianapolis, Indiana

MAD is really great, and I love it. It makes me stop to think about what kind of a world I live in. (I still haven't figured it out!) But don't expect Dr. Seuss to take your suggestion and tackle the subjects of air pollution, birth control, automation, etc. Harmless children's subjects are so much safer. Hurrah for MAD for not always playing it safe! Thanks for speaking out for us!

Gail L. Johnson  
Bristol, Wisconsin

## MISSING SOMETHING

Boy, if you haven't seen my mother and father wrestling over who gets to read my copy of MAD first, you've really been missing something!

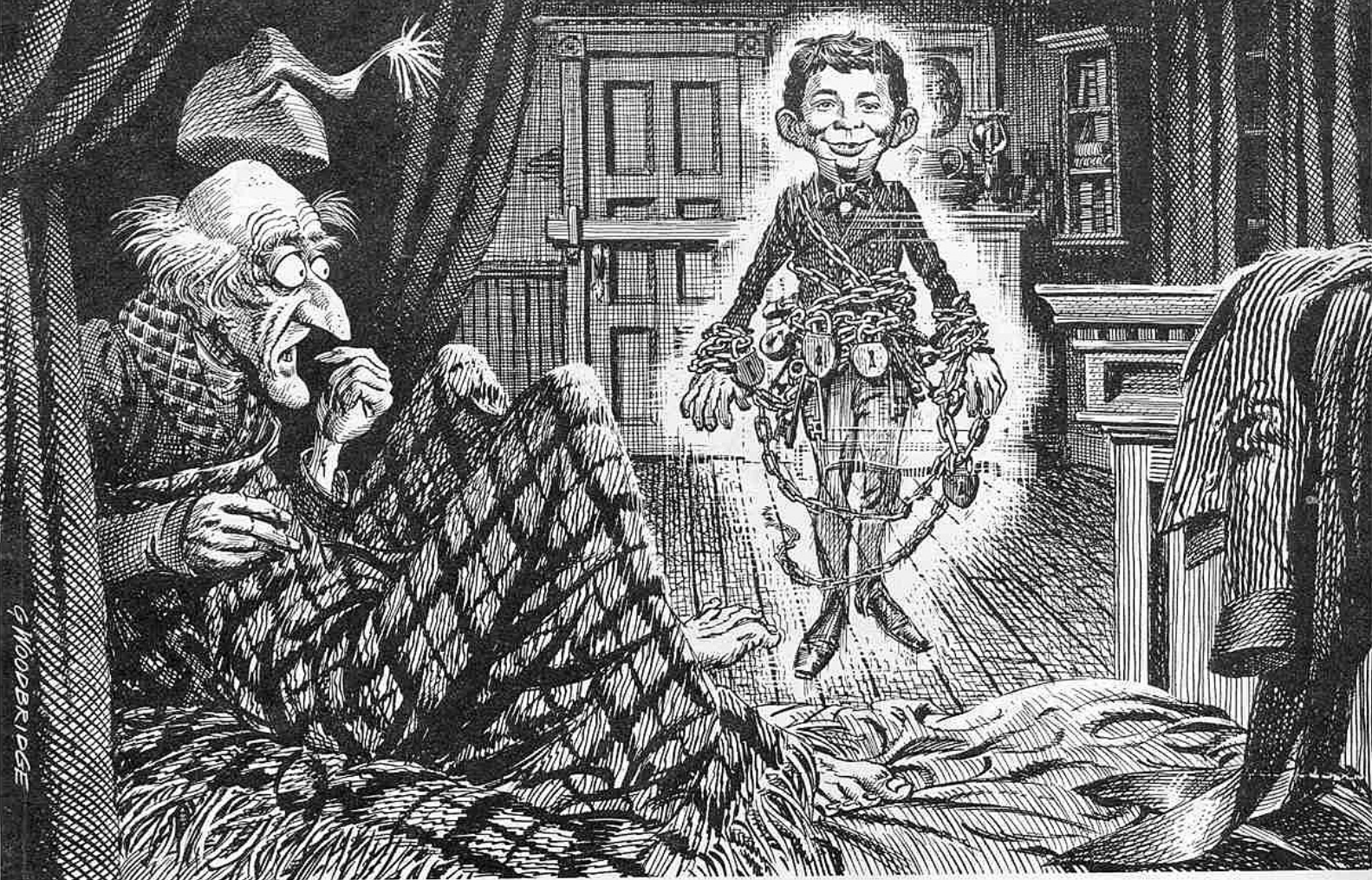
Stephanie Handler  
Athens, Georgia

Nothing, we're sure, compared to what we'll be missing when they get a load of this letter page!—Ed.

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## BUMS AWAY DEPT.

Maybe you haven't noticed it, but the latest trend in movies is the "Anti-Hero". It all started with "HUD", when the usual clean-cut, honest, All-American cowboy hero-type was suddenly replaced by an immoral and conniving crumb. Now, this recent hit war picture has suddenly replaced the usual clean-cut, patriotic, All-American GI hero-types with ugly psychopaths and murderers. Instead of a single slob, Hollywood seems to figure that "Anti-Heroes" are even . . .



# Dirtier By

Coleslaw, Joseph!  
Crime: Murder!  
Sentence: Death  
by hanging . . .

Punkley, Vernon!  
Crime: Rape and  
Murder! Sentence:  
Death by hanging!

Psycho, Victor!  
Crime: Robbery and  
Murder! Sentence:  
Death by hanging!

My name: Jose Jimenez!  
My Crime: Theenking I  
can act! My Sentence:  
Getting written out  
of thees peeecture as  
soon as posseeblay!

I am the Avenging Angel, and I  
carry out the Lord's punishment  
upon those who would defile  
the Earth with their wickedness  
—by cutting them up in teeny-  
weeny little pieces and—

I'm Samuel  
Pansy, and  
I'm getting  
nauseous  
listening  
to this nut!





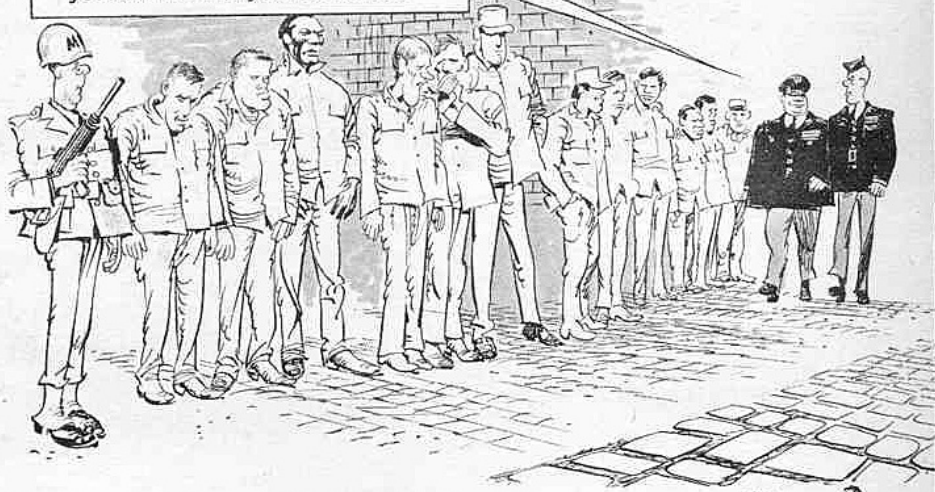
And just what is that premise, Sir?

It has to do with your next assignment, Major! But first, I want you to meet some of the worst degenerates and sick psychopaths this man's Army has ever seen . . .

No, thanks! I've already met your staff!



Not them, Roughman! I'm talking about men that are even worse! Inmates of this Army Prison! All right, you slobbs! Fall in and sound off with your names, your crimes and your sentences—



# The Dozen

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

My name is Jim Brown—

Jim Brown!? An alias if I ever heard one! C'mon, now—what's your real name?

Would you believe Paul Hornung?

Okay, I've had enough of this nonsense, Gen. Wargum! Now what about my next assignment?

Major Roughman, you are ordered by Allied Command to take these twelve prisoners—these undisciplined psychotic murderers, rapists and guitar players—cram six months of intensive training into them in less than six weeks, and then parachute them behind enemy lines where they will destroy the rest home of the German General Staff, killing all its occupants.



THAT, General Wargum, is the most preposterous idea I have ever heard! Nobody in his right mind will ever believe—

All right! Get that Hangman's Rope ready!

—that I wouldn't happily leap at the chance to volunteer for this exciting assignment!





Hi, guys! I've got a deal for you! The Army will allow you to postpone your death sentences and long prison terms if you'll volunteer to go on a suicide mission!

Man, like we know the rules! Condemned prisoners don't have to go on no missions!

No one said you **HAD** to go! This is strictly voluntary.

Well, if you put it that way—**GH-A-A-AHH!** I volunteer!

Let me warn you, it's not gonna be any joy ride! Your chances for survival are one in a million... and that's for just getting through the training program!

I hope I can make it through this **Orientation Lecture!**

Hah! You punks are supposed to be tough killers!? Well, you're just amateurs! I'm going to teach you the proper way to kill—and when I'm done, you'll know how to cut a man's throat or crush his skull quickly, silently and efficiently!

Gee, the Army ain't so bad after all! I'm gonna learn a trade!

Okay, let's get him back to his cell!

One of you guards, take his feet—

—and one of you guards, take his head—

—and one of you guards, take his torso—

—and see if you can put the whole mess back together again!

**SPLAT**

Men, this deserted patch of woods will be your new home for the next six weeks. If any of you cruds tries to escape, I'll blow his brains out, and the rest will be shipped right back to prison for completion of their sentences! In other words, you men will be **ON YOUR HONOR...**

...just as if you **WEREN'T 12** criminally insane GI's!

Take over, Sgt. Jerkle!

Okay, the first job will be to put up five buildings! These will be erected in order of importance! First, Major Roughman's quarters... second, the Psychiatrist's quarters... third, the M.P.'s quarters... fourth, the Latrine... and fifth—your quarters!

We rank **AFTER** the Latrine...?

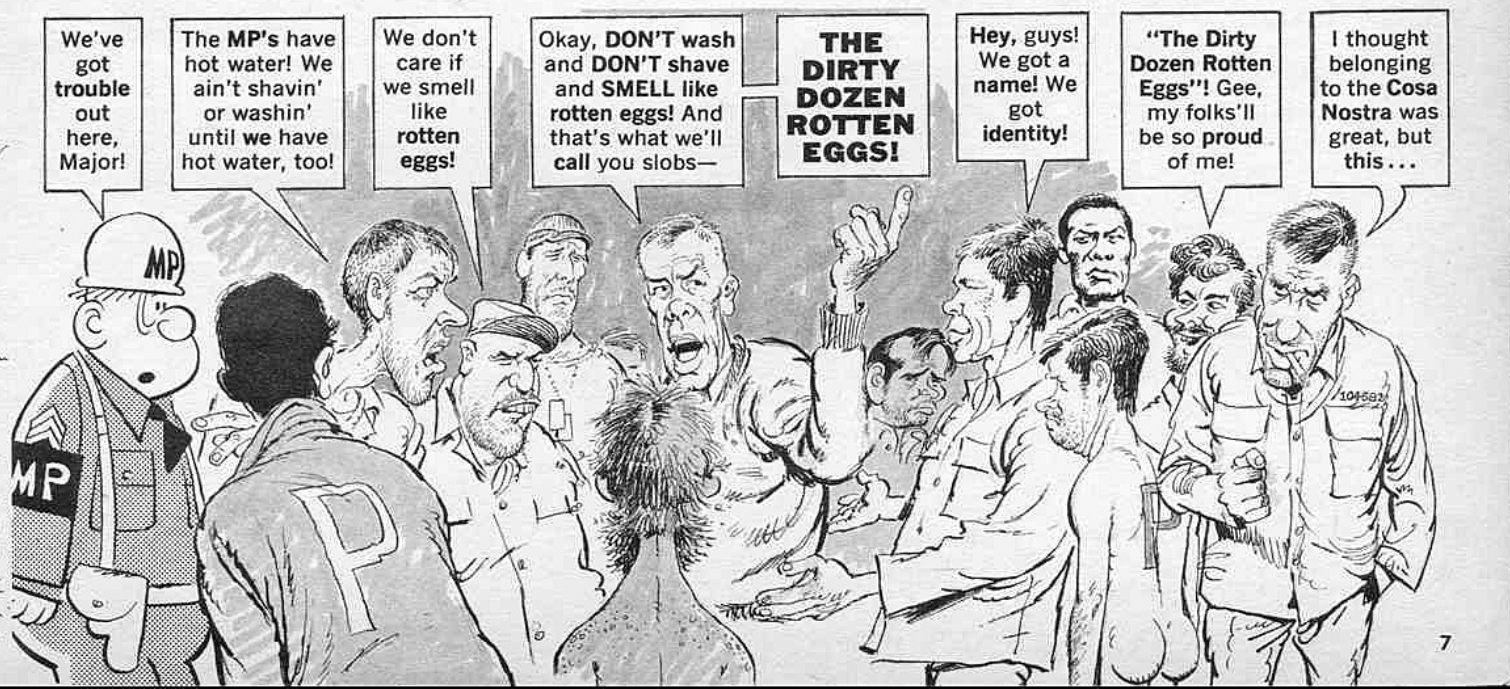
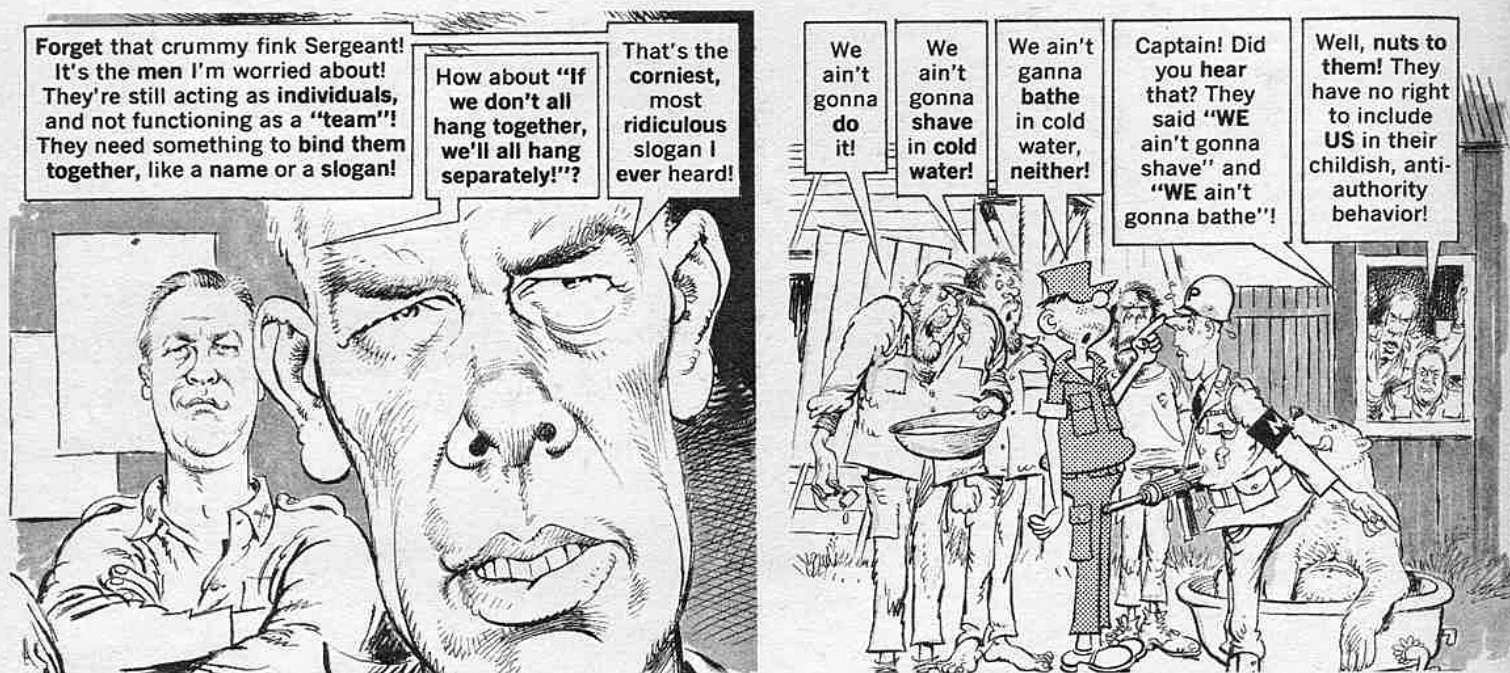
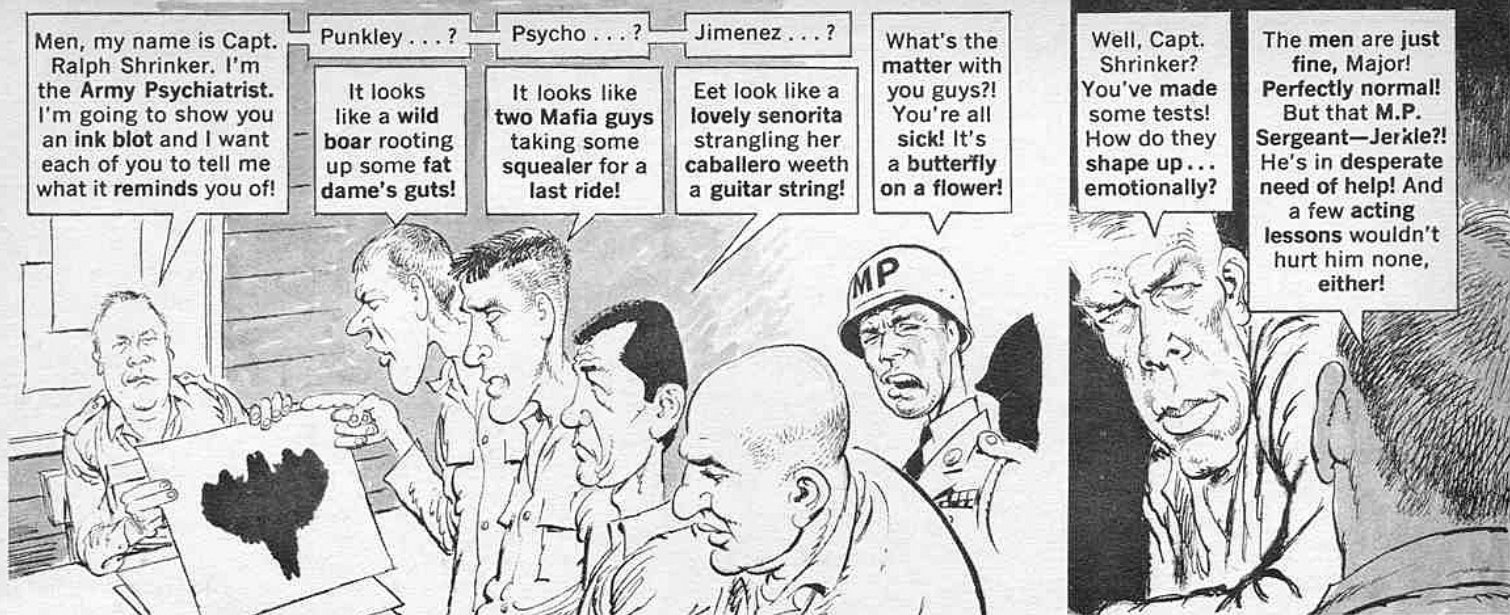
That means we're lower than...

You guessed it!

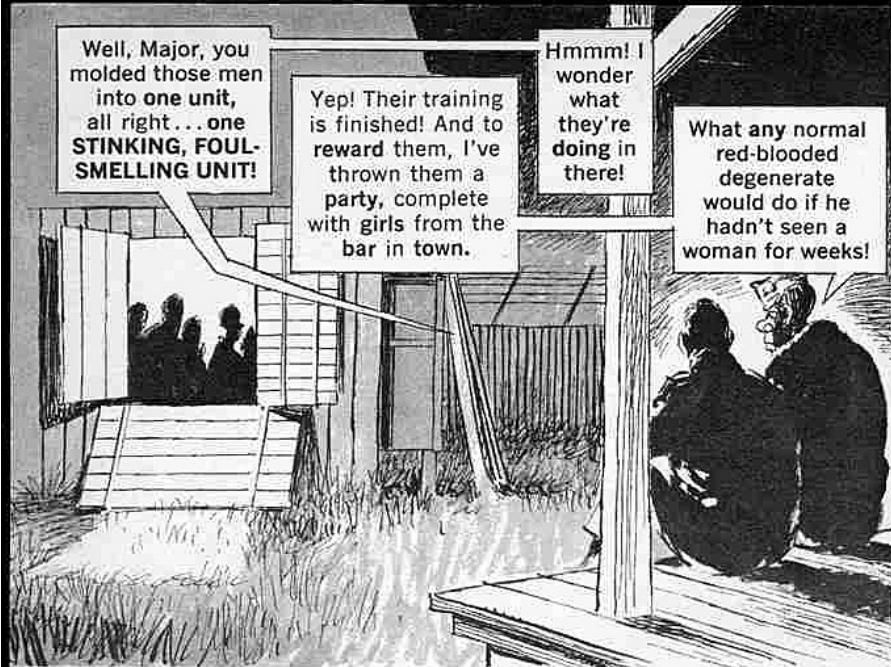
Boy, they certainly know how to bolster our egos!

PB  
LOVE  
PW









Well, Major, you molded those men into one unit, all right... one **STINKING, FOUL-SMELLING UNIT!**

Yep! Their training is finished! And to reward them, I've thrown them a party, complete with girls from the bar in town.

Hmmm! I wonder what they're doing in there!

What any normal red-blooded degenerate would do if he hadn't seen a woman for weeks!



I must observe this! For professional reasons, of course!

I left my heart at the Stage Door Canteen...

They just don't make degenerates like they used to!

MY LUCK... HE'S GOT DANDRUFF



Okay, men! This is it! The mission I've trained you for all these weeks! I only hope you don't chicken out when it comes to jumping into enemy territory with your parachutes!

Are you kidding, Major? After last night, we'd jump into enemy territory **WITHOUT** our parachutes for you!

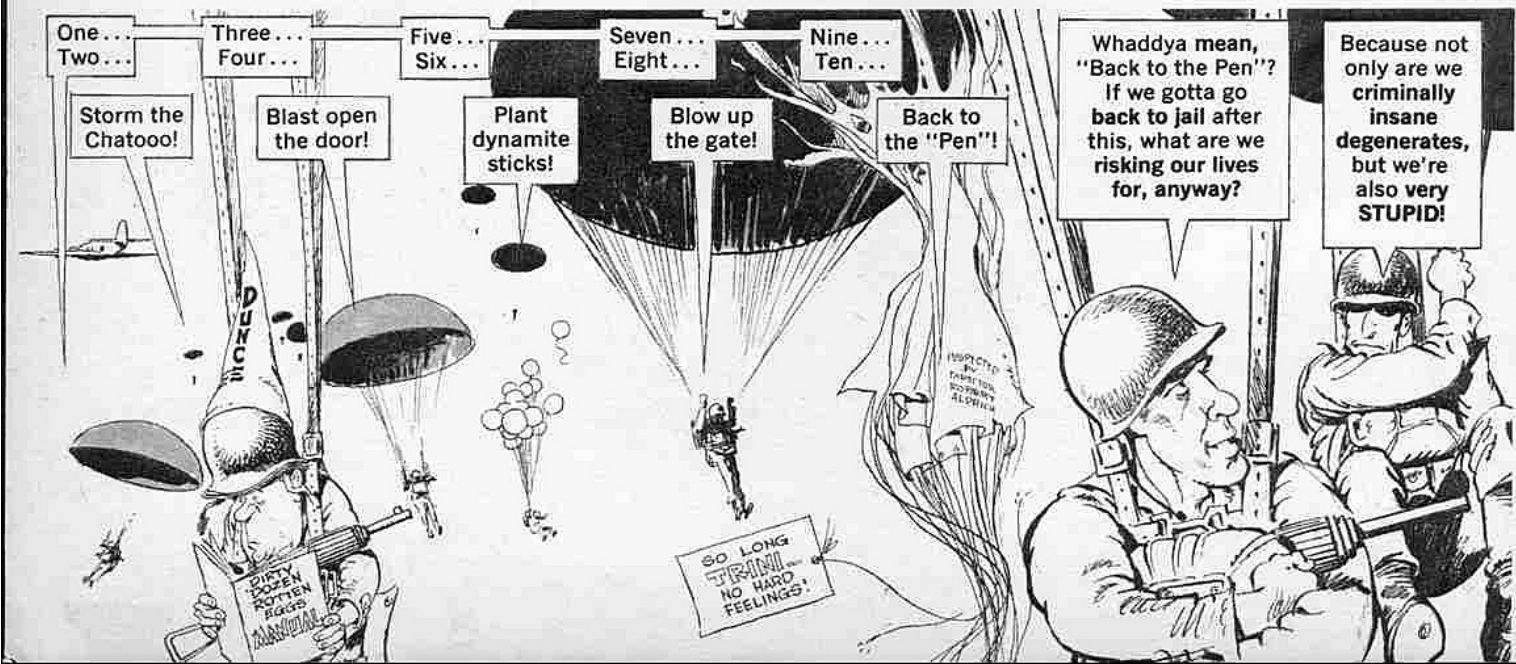
Hey, Maggotty! You're the "religious fanatic"! Say a few words before we jump!

Sure! "Now I lay me down to sleep—"



We're over the target, Major! Get ready to jump...

Okay, you Dirty Dozen Rotten Eggs! Here we go! On the way down, I want you to repeat the plan for the last time!



One... Two...

Three... Four...

Five... Six...

Seven... Eight...

Nine... Ten...

Storm the Chatooo!

Blast open the door!

Plant dynamite sticks!

Blow up the gate!

Back to the "Pen"!

Whaddya mean, "Back to the Pen"? If we gotta go back to jail after this, what are we risking our lives for, anyway?

Because not only are we criminally insane degenerates, but we're also very **STUPID!**

SO LONG TRAIN NO HARD FEELINGS!



Take a good look inside, guys! There are your murderous Nazi beasts!

Yeah! See how they step on those poor women's feet as they dance! Barbarians!

Let's get 'em!

Kill! Kill!

And I used to have to be careful of "Unnecessary Roughness"!

Major! The German officers are escaping into a bunker in the cellar!

Look around! We've got to find the air vents to that bunker!

Oh, good! Then we can cut off their air supply and suffocate them! Right?

Don't be ridiculous! That would be the brutal German method!

Why are you pouring that gasoline down the air vents, Major!

Because we haven't got NAPALM—which would be the civilized American method—so we've got to improvise!

Okay, Brown, you've got ten seconds to drop a live grenade into each vent and hop on the back of that half-track!

How come I always have to ride in the back?

C'mon, Brown! Run! Run!

Oh-oh! He's been shot!

Who shot him? A German sniper!

No, an irate Cleveland Brown football fan! Can you imagine giving up a great football career for this terrible junk?

At ease, Major!

I'm not at attention, General! I'm just taped together this way!

Congratulations! You did a great job! As soon as you're well I've got a really big assignment for you! Here are your orders! I'll read them...

"Due to the outstanding success of 'The Dirty Dozen Rotten Eggs' in completing their mission, destroying their objective, and wiping out hundreds of enemy soldiers and civilians, the War Department has decided to use only condemned murderers and criminally insane troops in all future combat missions, thereby freeing normal, healthy soldiers for the really important jobs that are so essential to modern warfare... like typing out orders in triplicate, cleaning latrines, doing K.P., policing areas, etc.

"Therefore, you, Major Roughman, will lead a company of 144 men known as 'The Dirty Gross of Rotten Eggs' on a mission of great importance..."

IIIQT DRUCKER



**SEASON'S GRATINGS DEPT.**

Every year, people send Christmas cards to friends, acquaintances and loved ones. Well, we at MAD say this is wrong! Cards should really be sent to the folks who make Christmas the distinctive holiday it is

# MAD'S CHRISTMAS CARDS

WRITER:



## To The Cigarette Industry



Your Christmas cartons are adorned  
With mistletoe and holly,  
And happy faces all aglow,  
And Santas who are jolly;

But though your wrappings may be bright  
With sleighs and snow and stars there,  
It's just a Christmas cover-up  
For all those killing tars there!

## To My Apartment House Superintendent

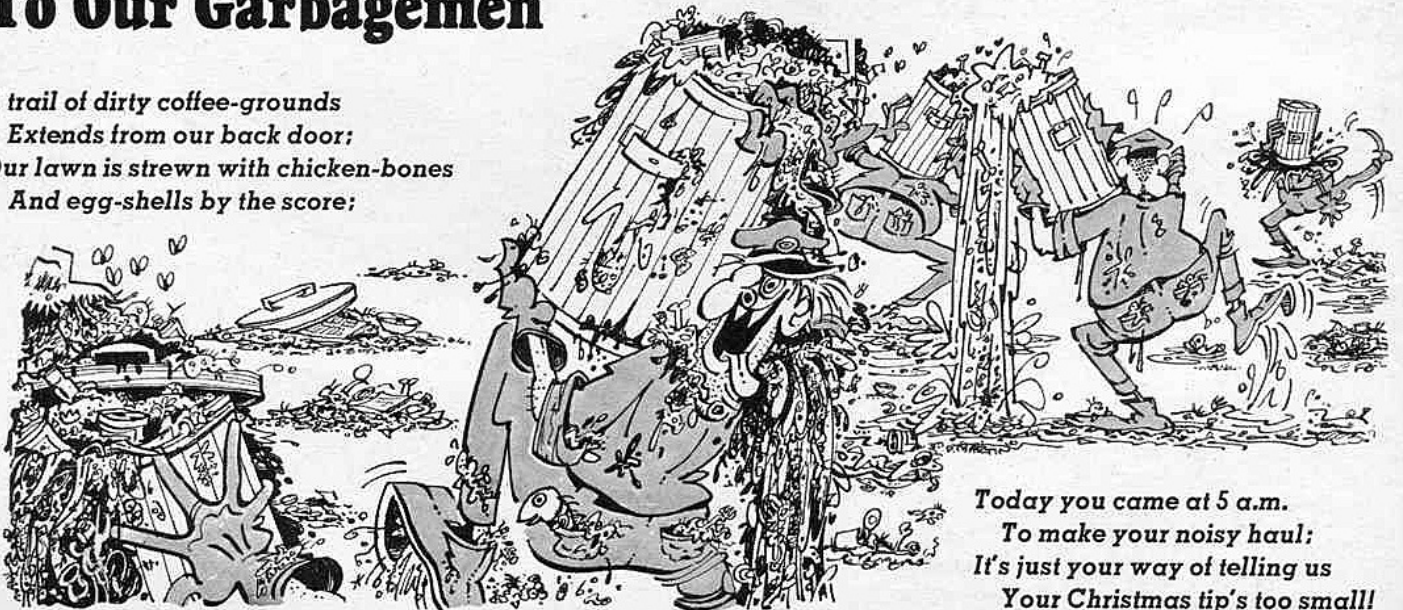


Today you fixed my bathroom pipes  
(They burst last May, you know);  
You then replaced the window  
That fell out 10 weeks ago;

You help me with my packages;  
You greet me on the street;  
I'm glad that there's a Christmas time,  
Or else we'd never meet!

## To Our Garbagemen

A trail of dirty coffee-grounds  
Extends from our back door;  
Our lawn is strewn with chicken-bones  
And egg-shells by the score;



Today you came at 5 a.m.  
To make your noisy haul;  
It's just your way of telling us  
Your Christmas tip's too small!



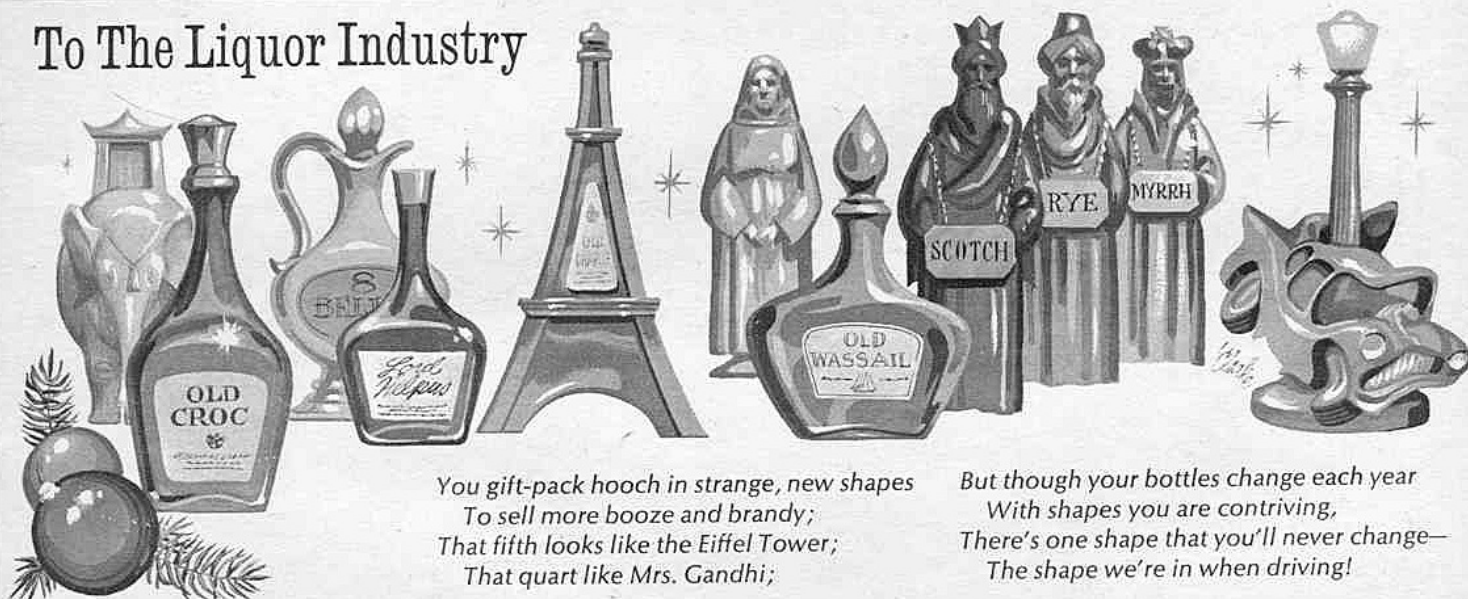


—namely the workmen, companies and industries that *exploit* us! It is these profit-hungry groups who deserve our most heart-felt sentiments. So why not give them what they deserve . . . from this selection of . . .

# TO SEASONAL EXPLOITERS

FRANK JACOBS

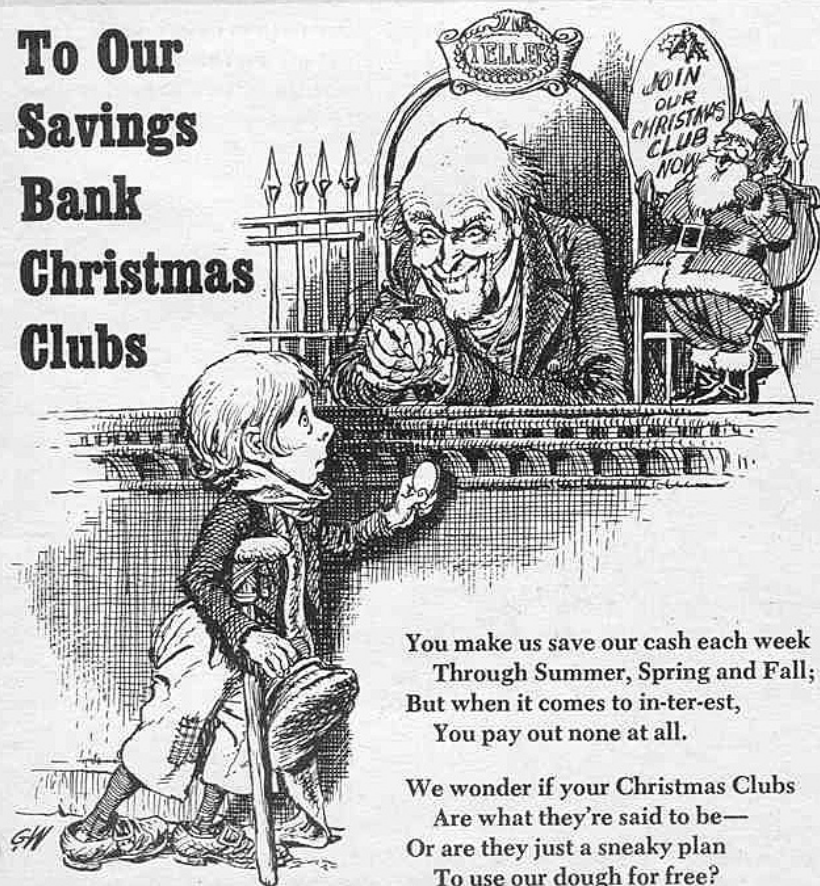
## To The Liquor Industry



You gift-pack hooch in strange, new shapes  
To sell more booze and brandy;  
That fifth looks like the Eiffel Tower;  
That quart like Mrs. Gandhi;

But though your bottles change each year  
With shapes you are contriving,  
There's one shape that you'll never change—  
The shape we're in when driving!

## To Our Savings Bank Christmas Clubs



You make us save our cash each week  
Through Summer, Spring and Fall;  
But when it comes to in-ter-est,  
You pay out none at all.

We wonder if your Christmas Clubs  
Are what they're said to be—  
Or are they just a sneaky plan  
To use our dough for free?

## To The Publishers Of "Gift Books"



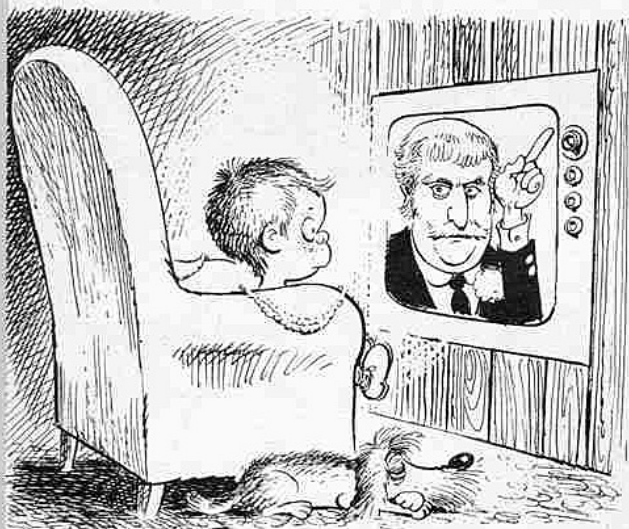
Give a  
book for  
Xmas  
we need the  
dough.

Your "Treasury of Lapland Songs"  
Is priced at 20 bucks;  
For \$16.50 folks can own  
"The Golden Age of Trucks".

Though idiots may buy these books,  
The smarter ones will wait  
Till after Christmas when they're marked  
A dollar ninety-eight!



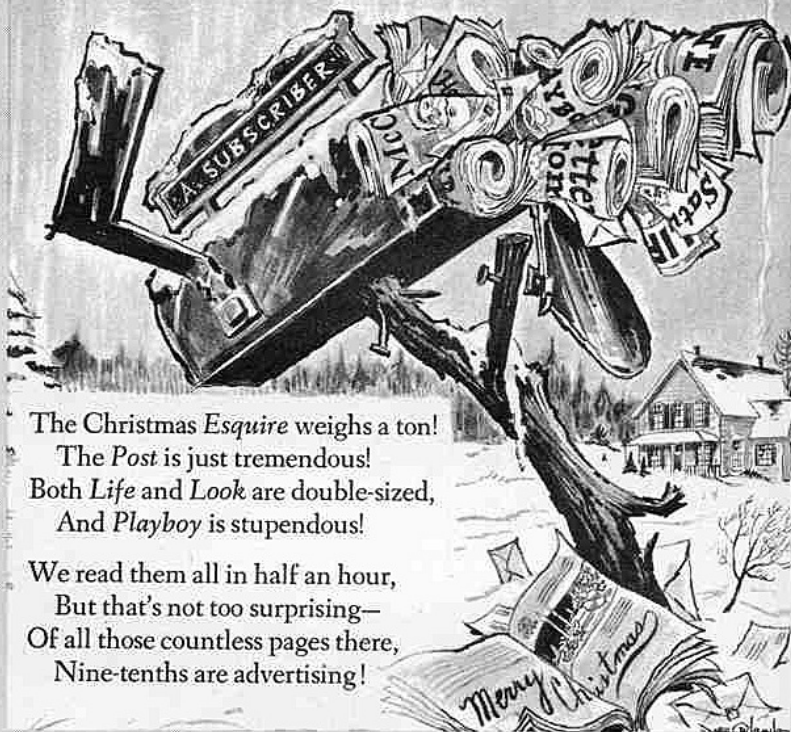
## TO THE KIDS' SHOWS ON TV



While Dad is working 9 to 5  
And slaving through the day,  
You guys are working on his kid  
To grab Dad's hard-earned pay.

The kid is flunking out at school;  
He's dumb as a baboon;  
Yet he remembers every toy  
You plug each afternoon!

## To Our Magazine Publishers



The Christmas *Esquire* weighs a ton!  
The *Post* is just tremendous!  
Both *Life* and *Look* are double-sized,  
And *Playboy* is stupendous!

We read them all in half an hour,  
But that's not too surprising—  
Of all those countless pages there,  
Nine-tenths are advertising!

## To Charity Organizations



We mail you checks at Christmas time  
For dogs who've lost their collars,  
For teeny-boppers on relief,  
For homeless Kansas scholars,

We give to all your charities,  
We never raise a fuss,  
And now that you have bled us dry,  
Please set up one for us!

## To Our Electric Companies

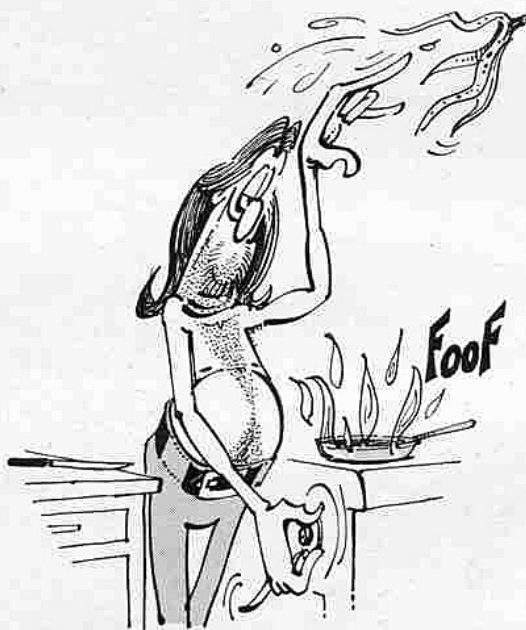
A brand-new range, a Frigidaire,  
A washer or a dryer—  
Your ads this year are full of things  
To tempt the Christmas buyer;

We'd buy these new appliances  
Except for one deterrent—  
The seven hundred bucks a year  
You'd charge us for the current!

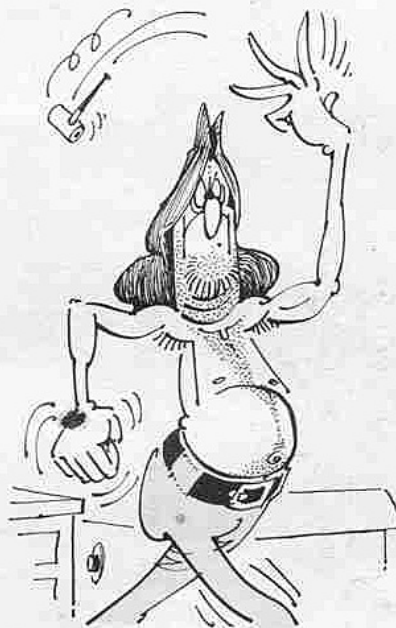




# A SAN FRANCISCO TRIP











Hi, Show-Biz-MAD fans! It's "Hypothetical Interview" time again. I'm a hypothetical Steve Allen here in the offices of the William Morris Ashley Theatrical Artists Agency, about to conduct an imaginary interview with Mr. "Bullets" Ashley himself, the Editor's choice for ...

# MAD's THEATRICAL AGENT OF THE YEAR

ARTIST: BRUCE STARK

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

Bullets, I understand that you represent some really big names in Show Business.

The BIGGEST, Steve! There's Sinatra, Crosby, Martin, Lewis ... just to mention a few!

Wow! That's a lot of talent! Frank ... Bing ... Dean ... Jerry!

Who's talking about TALENT!? My clients are NANCY Sinatra, GARY Crosby, GAIL Martin and GARY Lewis!



I tried to stop him, Mr. Ashley!

You've got to give me a chance! I'm a singer! I've been singing all my life!

You come from a Show Business FAMILY?

Gee, no ...

Sorry, kid, we're not auditioning today!



But I can really sing! Just listen to this ...

To dream the impossible dream,  
To fight the unbeatable foe ...

Hey! The boy has a great voice!

I'm a busy man, kid! Leave your name with my secretary ...



I can dance, too!  
I can do anything  
Astaire and Kelly  
can do! See . . . ?

Look at that  
boy go! He's  
another Sammy  
Davis, Jr.!

Hey, kid! You're  
scratching the  
formica! Will you  
please leave?!



I've had the lead in 50  
Summer Stock shows!  
Richard Burton told me  
I was a better "Hamlet"  
than he was . . .

What does  
Burton  
know!  
OUT!!!

Go  
back  
to  
Ohio!



Ohio!?  
I'm from  
right  
here in  
New York!

Well,  
don't call  
us!  
We'll call  
you!



The boy  
had  
TALENT,  
Bullets!  
Why  
didn't  
you sign  
him up?

Talented people  
are a dime a  
dozen, Steve!  
Names! Famous  
Names! Sons of  
big guns! That's  
where the money  
is today!

Look at this body! Awful,  
isn't it? My secretary  
has a better figure! And  
why is this skinny broad  
in Playboy and not my  
secretary? Because my  
secretary's last name  
isn't FONDA!



Good heavens!  
What in the  
world was that?

John Wayne! That's the  
only way he knows how  
to open a door . . .

What's the big idea of  
puttin' my kid in a  
Comedy Series, Bullets?



But, Duke!  
"The Rounders"  
is a  
WESTERN  
Comedy Series!  
I thought  
you'd like  
that!

There's a WAR going on, Bullets! I  
want Pat in uniform, like I was! I  
didn't win all these medals in any  
Comedy Series! You tell the Network  
Brass to get him in a WAR Series,  
or they'll have to answer to me! I  
didn't raise my son to be no  
comedian . . . right, Pat?

Gung Lo, Dad!

That's  
"Gung Ho!",  
Stupid!



I'll get  
right on  
it, Duke!  
Hello?  
Gail,  
Baby!

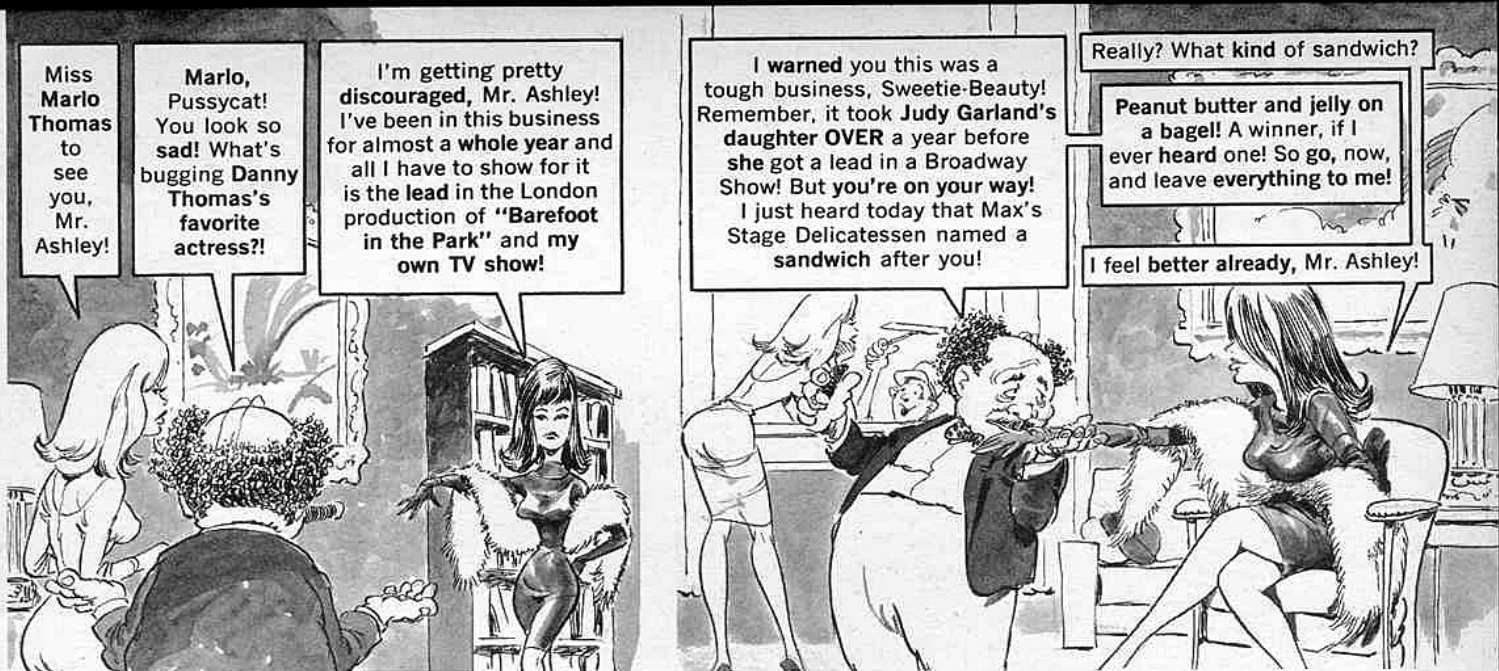
Excuse me, Steve! It's Gail Martin!

Gail, sweetheart! I was just talking  
about you! No, I'm still working on a  
format for a TV Series! But I lined up  
another guest shot for you! Your Dad's  
show! I know! But this time he's going  
to bill you as a "Special Guest Star"!

I knew  
you'd be  
happy!  
Say,  
"Hello"  
to Dean  
for me!  
Bye!







Miss Marlo Thomas to see you, Mr. Ashley!

Marlo, Pussycat! You look so sad! What's bugging Danny Thomas's favorite actress?!

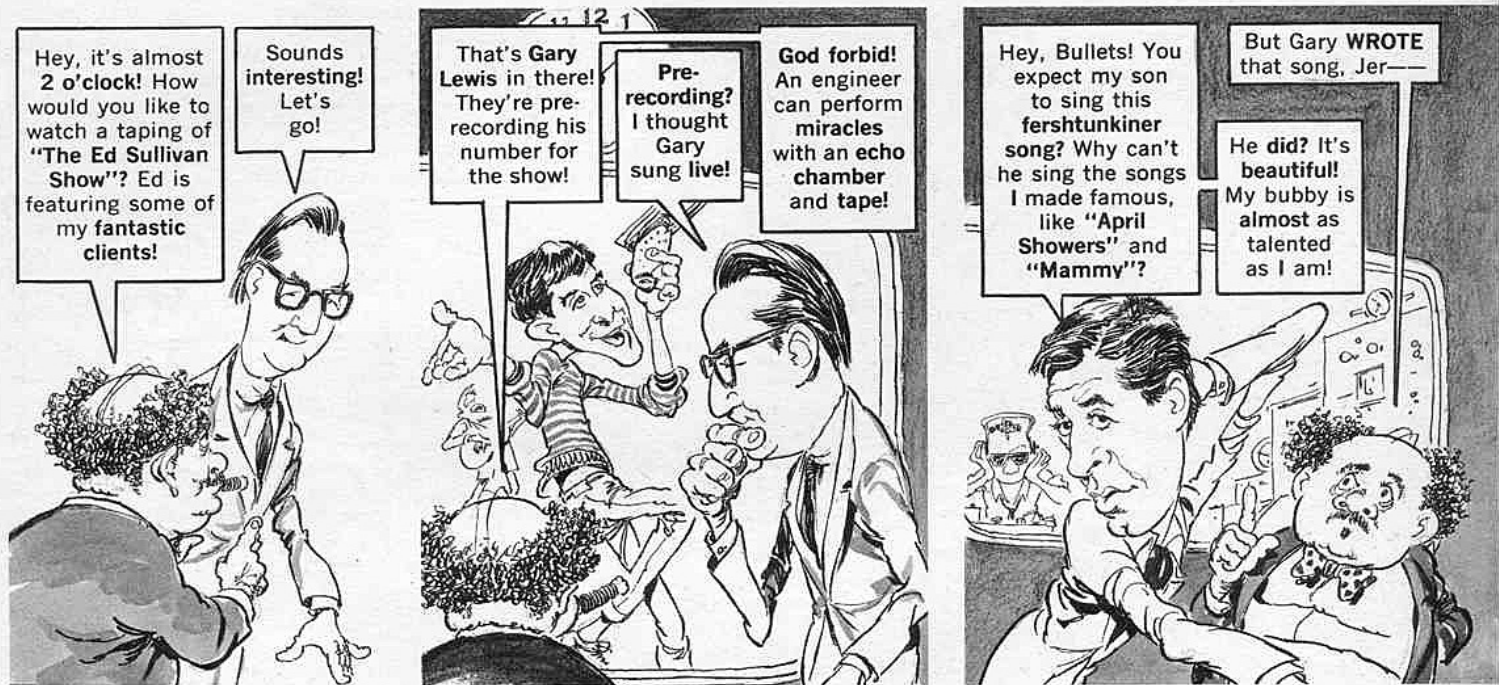
I'm getting pretty discouraged, Mr. Ashley! I've been in this business for almost a whole year and all I have to show for it is the lead in the London production of "Barefoot in the Park" and my own TV show!

I warned you this was a tough business, Sweetie-Beauty! Remember, it took Judy Garland's daughter **OVER** a year before she got a lead in a Broadway Show! But you're on your way! I just heard today that Max's Stage Delicatessen named a sandwich after you!

Really? What kind of sandwich?

Peanut butter and jelly on a bagel! A winner, if I ever heard one! So go, now, and leave everything to me!

I feel better already, Mr. Ashley!



Hey, it's almost 2 o'clock! How would you like to watch a taping of "The Ed Sullivan Show"? Ed is featuring some of my fantastic clients!

Sounds interesting! Let's go!

That's Gary Lewis in there! They're pre-recording his number for the show!

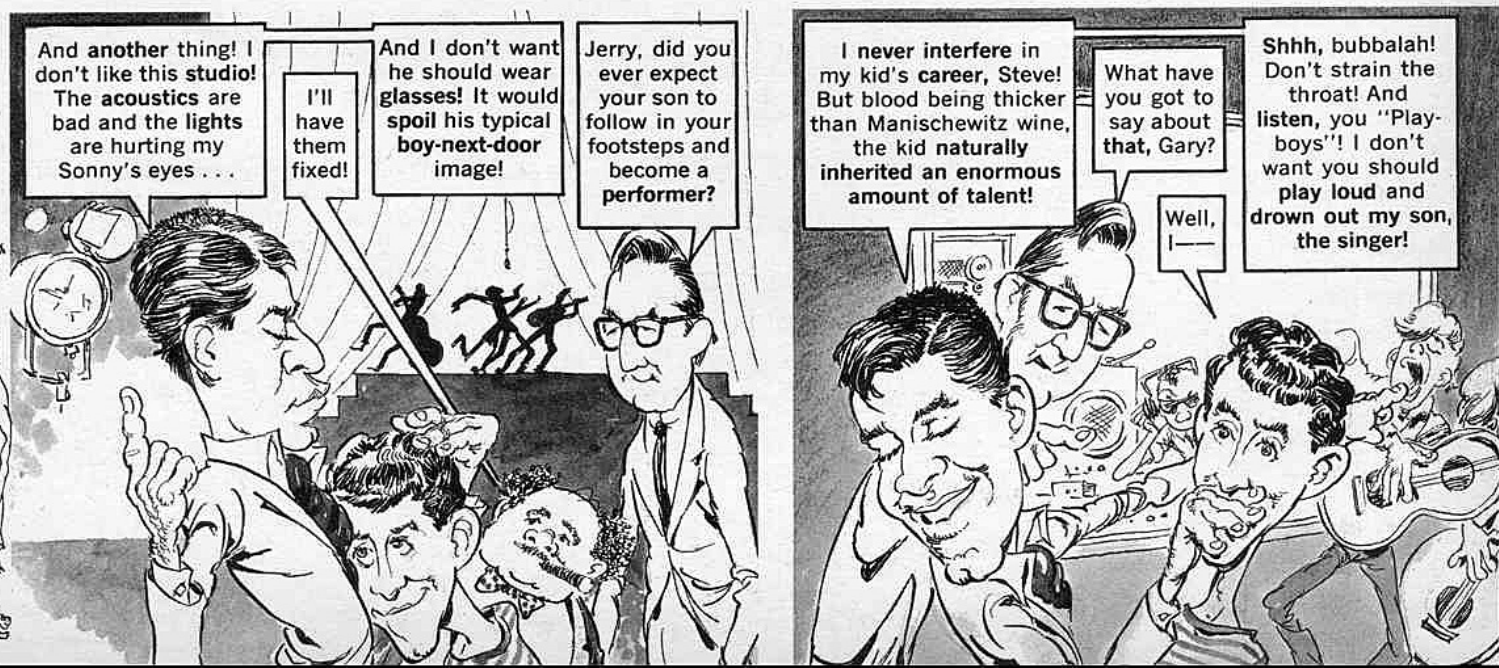
Pre-recording? I thought Gary sung live!

God forbid! An engineer can perform miracles with an echo chamber and tape!

Hey, Bullets! You expect my son to sing this fershtunkiner song? Why can't he sing the songs I made famous, like "April Showers" and "Mammy"?

But Gary **WROTE** that song, Jer—

He did? It's beautiful! My bubby is almost as talented as I am!



And another thing! I don't like this studio! The acoustics are bad and the lights are hurting my Sonny's eyes...

I'll have them fixed!

And I don't want he should wear glasses! It would spoil his typical boy-next-door image!

Jerry, did you ever expect your son to follow in your footsteps and become a performer?

I never interfere in my kid's career, Steve! But blood being thicker than Manischewitz wine, the kid naturally inherited an enormous amount of talent!

What have you got to say about that, Gary?

Well, —

Shhh, bubbalah! Don't strain the throat! And listen, you "Play-boys"! I don't want you should play loud and drown out my son, the singer!

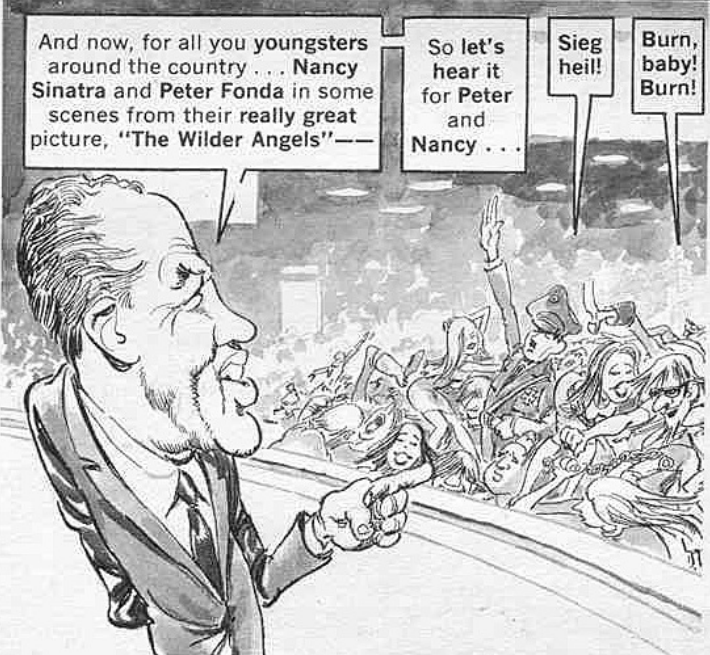




Let's go, Steve! Peter Fonda and Nancy Sinatra are on next...

That's a strange pairing! What kind of act do they do?

No act! Ed offered them a measly ten grand apiece! For that kind of chicken feed, he only gets to plug their latest movie!



And now, for all you youngsters around the country... Nancy Sinatra and Peter Fonda in some scenes from their really great picture, "The Wilder Angels"—

So let's hear it for Peter and Nancy...

Sieg heil!

Burn, baby! Burn!



Sheep, like, Man! This stomping bit is the greatest! Almost as much fun as smoking pot!

C'mon! Let's cut out and put the burn on some Fuzz!

I dig you! We'll beat 'em with chains! Yeah, yeah, yeah!

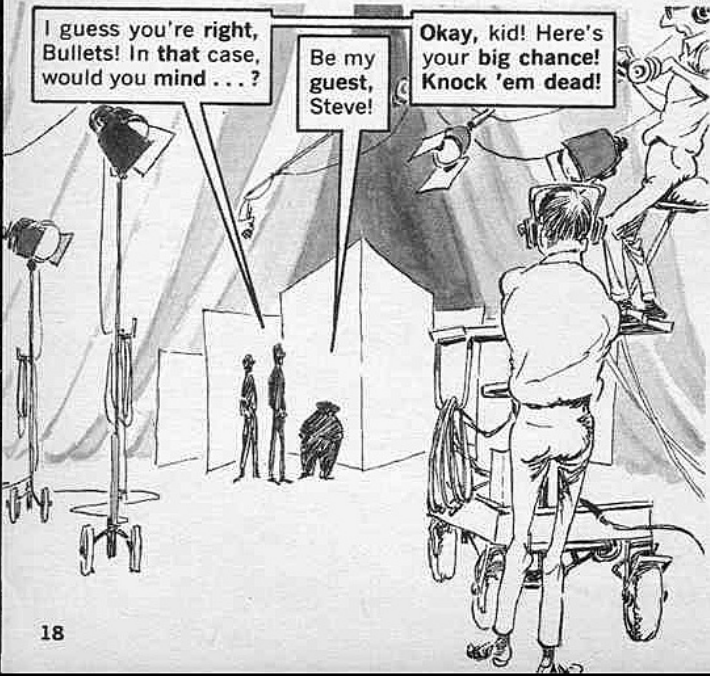


Wasn't that great, folks? Those are two of the nicest kids I've ever met. Be sure and buy Nancy's latest hit record, "These Boots Are Gonna Mash In Your Head"! And now, for our really big finale...



Bullets, isn't the public being cheated by having to watch these kids with nothing to offer but their parents' names?

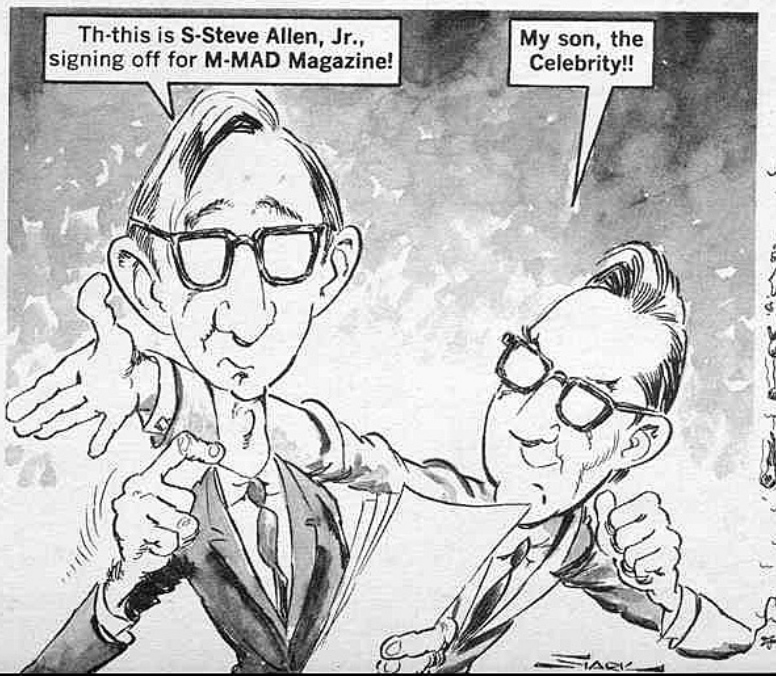
Look at it this way, Steve. If a man owns a factory, he takes his kid into the firm, right? So what's so different about Show Biz?



I guess you're right, Bullets! In that case, would you mind...?

Be my guest, Steve!

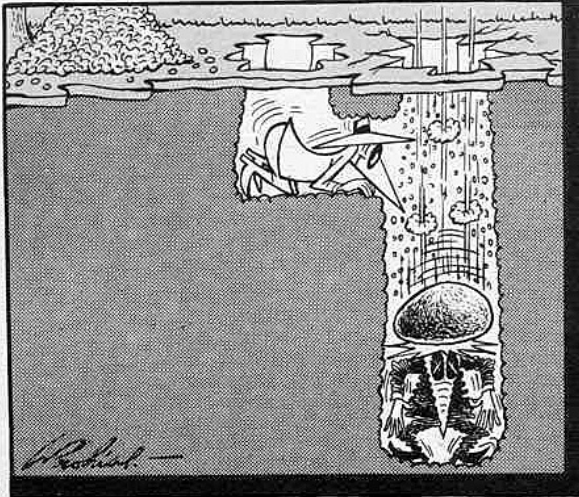
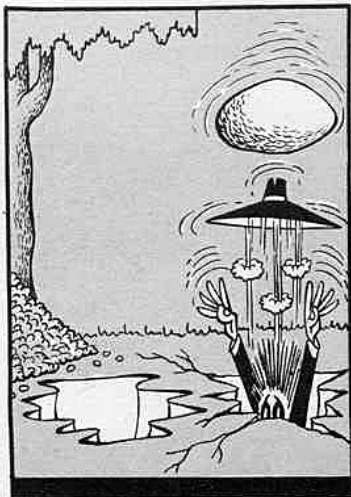
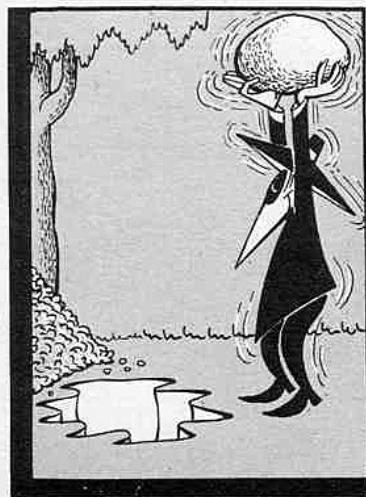
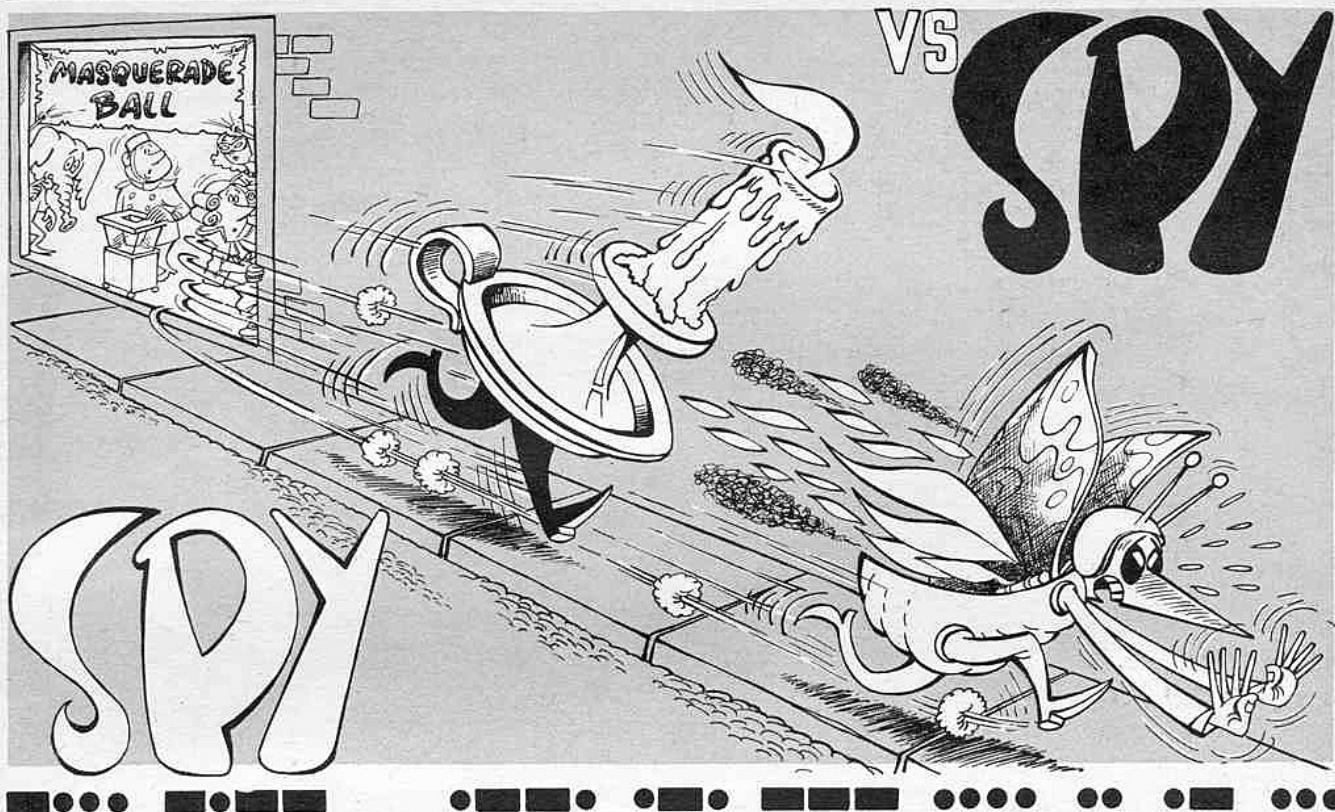
Okay, kid! Here's your big chance! Knock 'em dead!



Th-this is S-Steve Allen, Jr., signing off for M-MAD Magazine!

My son, the Celebrity!!





HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER "MAD" VERSION OF THE CONTENTS OF...

# A CELEBRITY'S WALLET

WRITER:  
ARNIE KOGEN

My darling Timmy,

What's happening to my son?

You used to be such a nice sensible boy--a college professor at Harvard--I was so proud of you. But now you've changed. I don't understand you any more. What's gotten into you?

I write you a civil letter asking how you are--and all I get back is a package of sugar cubes and a note filled with nonsense about "freak outs" and "vibrations" and "visions" and "voyages" and "expanding spiritual horizons". I'll expand your spiritual horizons for you--right over your head! You keep this up and I'll come to Millbrook and give you such vibrations, you'll see visions for two weeks from my vibrations.

So you'd better shape up and be a good boy. And remember, no matter what kind of trouble you're in, I still love you. I know that basically you never meant any harm.

Mother

P.S. I just had my tea--and I used your sugar cubes! *Whoooooie!!*

**Copake Church Supply Co.**

Peekskill, New York

Dr. Timothy Leary  
Minister  
League for Spiritual Discovery  
Millbrook, N.Y.

Dear Dr. Leary:

Thank you for your recent order. We supply church equipment for all major religious denominations and, although we have not previously heard of your "League for Spiritual Discovery", we will make every effort to meet your specifications. Shipment should be completed within 3-4 weeks.

However, there is one unusual item that disturbs us. Perhaps you will be good enough to satisfy our curiosity. We don't know what kind of services you conduct, but would you please explain why you ordered pews with seat belts?

Sincerely yours,

*Millard Traymore*  
Millard Traymore  
Sales Director

**J. Walter Doyle & Dane Bernbach Thompson**  
ADVERTISING AGENCY  
666 MADISON AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

Mr. Timothy Leary  
Millbrook, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Leary

Thank you for your letter outlining methods for bringing the United Fruit Company's advertising campaign up to date.

We are sorry to inform you that a cigar company is already using the slogan you suggested, and therefore it would be inappropriate for "Chiquita Banana" to say:

"Why don't you pick me up and smoke me some time?"

As for your other suggestion, although you may be quite right in asserting that LSD is colorless, odorless, non-addictive and most beneficial, we do not see what can be gained by conducting a "challenge race" between LSD and Bufferin to see which gets into the bloodstream fastest.

However, thank you for thinking of us.

Sincerely yours,

*Alan Goldman*  
Alan Goldman  
Account Executive

**CITY OF MILLBROOK, NEW YORK**  
DEPARTMENT OF TRAFFIC

Name: TIMOTHY LEARY Date: 11/2/67

Nature of Traffic Violation: EXCEEDING SPEED LIMIT DOWN MAIN ST. SMASHING INTO FIRE HYDRANT, CAREENING 6 FEET IN THE AIR, PLOWING THROUGH CROWD OF PEDESTRIANS AND CRASHING THROUGH A DEPARTMENT STORE WINDOW.

Arresting Officer: B. Smoot  
Shield No. 784

Comments by Arresting Officer:  
SUBJECT WAS NOT DRIVING A CAR AT THE TIME!



NAME Dr. Timothy Leary \*  
 ADDRESS Millbrook, N.Y. \*  
 OCCUPATION Professor, Lecturer,  
Mind-Bender, Prince of Pot, High  
Priest of I. S. D. and Messiah. \*

IN CASE OF EMERGENCY, NOTIFY:  
Anybody but the Fuzz! They could  
never "tune in" on my vibrations! \*



Tennie:-  
 Here is the Menu for tomorrow. Please see  
 to it that all items are included, as I have  
 carefully calculated these meals to meet the  
 minimum daily adult requirements -  
 \* \* \* L.L. \*

#### BREAKFAST

Chilled Morning  
 Glory Seed Juice  
 Heroin Hot Cakes  
 LSD Omelette  
 Morphine Toast  
 Tea

#### LUNCH

Airplane Glue Soup  
 Hashish Salad  
 LSD Burger  
 French Fried Hemp  
 Poppy Seed Pudding  
 Tea

#### DINNER

LSD Cocktail  
 Sacred Mushroom Soup  
 Marijuana Marinara  
 Choice of:  
 "Pot" Roast  
 "Pot" Pie  
 or  
 "Pot" Cheese  
 Peyote Popovers  
 Tea

#### MIDNIGHT SNACK

LSD Cookies  
 and Milk

### HARMS MUSIC PUBLISHING, INC.

Brill Building, New York City

Dear Mr. Leary:

In answer to your recent inquiry,  
 the phrase you are referring to is  
 from a Cole Porter song, copyright  
 1935, entitled "Just One Of Those  
 Things".

As far as we can determine, Mr.  
 Porter had no actual basis in scien-  
 tific fact for using the phrase,  
 and it is NOT possible to take "a  
 trip to the moon on gossamer wings"!

Thank you for your interest.

Very truly yours,  
 Norman Blagman  
 Norman Blagman  
 Research Dept.

## Mutual OF OMAHA



Mr. Timothy Leary  
 Millbrook, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Leary

We are in receipt of your air mail special de-  
 livery letter requesting immediate coverage  
 for you and the 23 members of your group in the  
 amount of \$250,000 (the maximum) each.

Before we can underwrite such a policy, we will  
 need some additional information:

- (1) Would you please tell us exactly what  
 kind of "Flight Insurance" you had in  
 mind?
- (2) Do you plan on flying together as a group,  
 or separately?
- (3) Is this Flight Insurance for one round-  
 trip, or do you and your group plan on  
 making more than one trip each year? In  
 which case, would you want to be covered?
- (4) How about one-way trips? Will there be  
 any?

Awaiting your prompt reply, I remain

Very truly yours,  
 Al State  
 Al State  
 New Policy Dept.

## League for spiritual discovery

Sanctuary For Psychedelic Scholars Millbrook, New York

MEMO TO: Dr. Timothy Leary  
 FROM: Carmine Flippo, Student

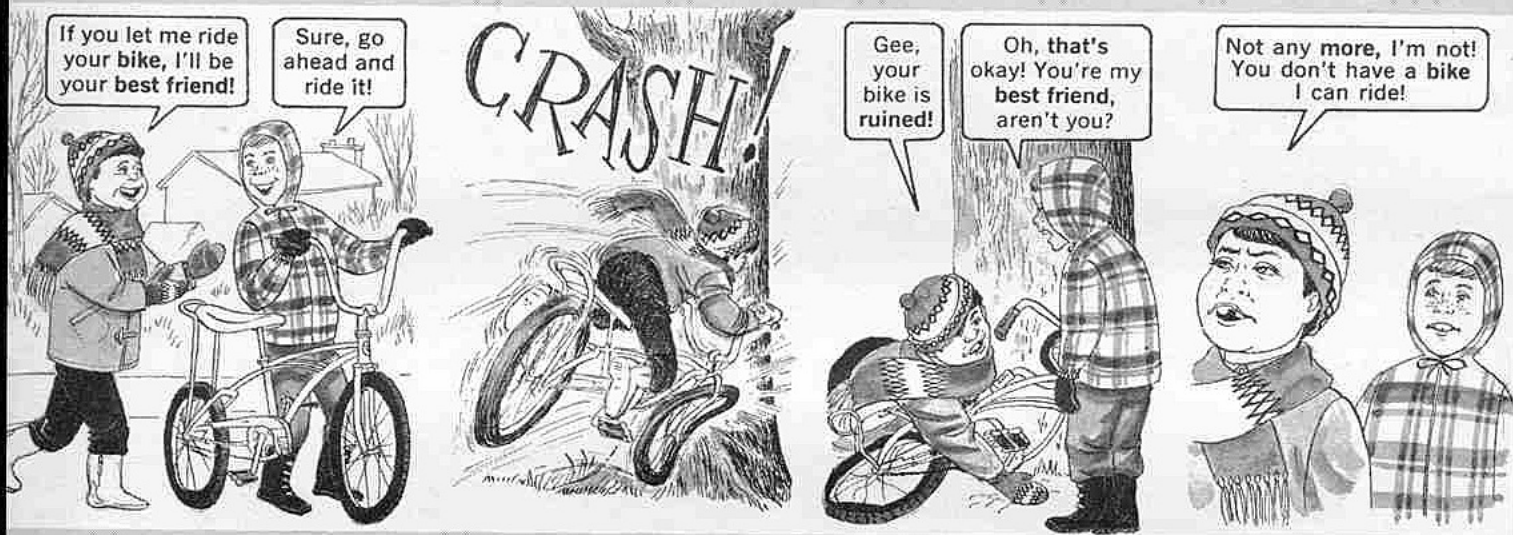
Last night, I took my first "LSD trip".  
 You promised me that I would experience  
 breathtaking beauty, divine energy, a  
 spiritual awakening, a sensual unfolding  
 and incredible ecstasy. Instead, all I  
 got was like this tremendous pain in my  
 head. Should I take an aspirin?

Don't be a fool, Carmine! We still don't know exactly how aspirin  
 works, and whether it can be harmful if taken  
 indiscriminately. \*

CF \*

\* Dr. L. \*

# THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... FRI





# ENDSHIP

WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG



That's my friend, Judy! She's the best friend a girl could have!

She sure is attractive! But what do you see in her?

Well, when we walk down the street together, all the fellas whistle at her and try to strike up conversations with her and everything!

And they're always trying to date her and make out with her and everything!

Big deal! What good does that do you?

I get the leftovers!



Harold, since you're my oldest and dearest friend, I've come to you. I've got a payment due on the car, Selma wants to re-upholster the couch, my daughter needs braces, and I'm strapped!

So—can you lend me \$500?

Sidney, my old friend, William Shakespeare once said, "Neither a borrower, nor a lender be." If I lent you money, it would surely break up our friendship! So why don't we leave things as they are!?

Well, thanks for listening to my troubles, anyway!

Don't mention it! What's a friend for?



THIS IS RIDICULOUS! HOW CAN YOU BE SO MEAN!? HERE, YOU HAVE A JUICY PIECE OF GOSSIP AND YOU CAN'T EVEN TELL YOUR OWN WIFE WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!?

THAT'S RIGHT! I CAN'T TELL YOU!

WHY?! WHY?! WHY CAN'T YOU TELL ME?? WHY?

Frankly . . . because I was so busy thinking about my own trouble, I didn't hear a word he said!



Where the devil is Al ... or Nick ... or John ... or Lenny ... or Jerry ... or Bill ... or Clyde ... or Irving ... or Stinky?



Did you have a good time at the game?



NOPE!

NOBODY was there!!



... and speaking of celebrities, Frank Sinatra is a personal friend of mine! Just the other day, I said to him—"Frankie ..."

What a phony name-dropper you are! How would a slob like you know any one as big as Frank Sinatra?!

You deliberately threw that into the conversation to give yourself status and build yourself up by making me think you have important friends!

Okay! DON'T believe me!

Hey, did you see that guy I was just talking to? That was Stanley Schnooker! He's a very good friend of mine!

He's also on a first-name basis with Frank Sinatra! Just the other day, I said to him—"Stanley ..."



Do you know that at this very moment, that so-called best friend of mine, Barbra Freeman, is having a party? And she didn't invite us! After all I've done for her! Every party I ever threw, she was the first one invited!

That IS pretty crummy of her!

I'll never forget or forgive her for this as long as I live! That friendship is over and done with! I don't want to hear her name or speak to her again!

Er—dear, it's that crummy, unmentionable ex-friend of yours on the phone! I take it you don't want to talk to her!

Oh, don't!! Just let me have that! I've got a few choice words I've been saving for her!



Charlie, baby, you're a real good golf buddy! I like playing with you!

Gee, thanks, Fred!

For one thing, when I'm driving or putting, you always keep quiet! I like that about you!

Gee, thanks, Fred!

For another thing, when I'm careless and forget to replace divots, you always do it for me! I like that about you too!

Gee, thanks, Fred!

But what I really love about you the most is—you're one of the few guys I can beat!

Gee, thanks a lot, Fred!







So long, Chuck!  
So long, Edna!  
Let's get together  
again real soon!

Sure  
thing,  
old  
buddy!



Did you have to say that—  
about getting together  
again!? I can't stand your  
friend, Chuck, and his  
empty-headed wife! I don't  
care if he IS your oldest  
friend! I don't ever want  
to see them again!



What kind of taste do you have, anyway?  
I'd like to know what other ridiculous  
choices you've made! What other idiot  
friends do you have? What disgusting  
characters did you associate with? What  
terrible types of girls did you date?  
And what kind of—

— girl did I marry?

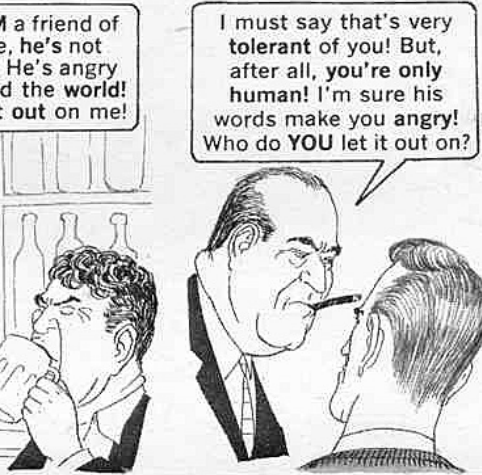


**YOU DIRTY RAT! YOU  
LOUSY BUM! YOU GOOD-  
FOR-NOTHIN' FINK!**



I thought he  
was a friend  
of yours! Why  
do you take  
all that guff  
from him?

Because I AM a friend of  
his! You see, he's not  
angry at me! He's angry  
at himself and the world!  
He just lets it out on me!



I must say that's very  
tolerant of you! But,  
after all, you're only  
human! I'm sure his  
words make you angry!  
Who do YOU let it out on?



**ON YOU, BUSTER,  
FOR BUTTING IN!**



**LISTEN,  
BARBRA—**

Why aren't you here yet?  
Everyone is waiting for you!

But... but  
you didn't  
invite me!

Do I have to invite you?! With an old  
friendship like ours, things like  
that are simply understood!



**WELL, DON'T JUST STAND  
THERE! GET DRESSED! WE'RE  
GOING TO BARBRA'S PARTY!!**



**AND DON'T THINK I'M EVER GOING  
TO FORGET OR FORGIVE YOU AS  
LONG AS I LIVE FOR CALLING MY  
BEST FRIEND "CRUMMY"!!**



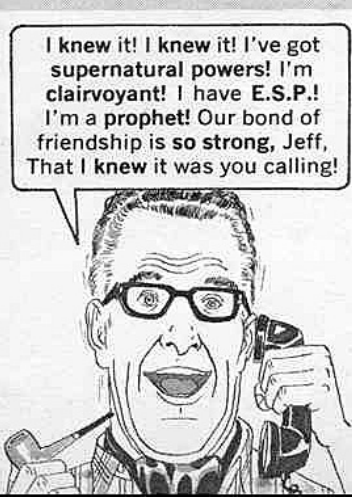
Oh-oh! The phone is ringing,  
and I've got the strangest  
feeling that it's my old pal,  
Jeff Miller, calling me!  
That's funny! I haven't  
heard from Jeff in months!

RING



Hello?

Hi! This is  
your old pal,  
Jeff Miller!



I knew it! I knew it! I've got  
supernatural powers! I'm  
clairvoyant! I have E.S.P.!  
I'm a prophet! Our bond of  
friendship is so strong, Jeff,  
That I knew it was you calling!



Hey!  
Who  
is  
this?

It's  
me! ME!  
Mitch  
Kinkle!

Gee, I'm awfully  
sorry, Mitch! I  
meant to dial Sid  
Finster! (CLICK!)

David Berg

# You Know You're REALLY

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

**YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY  
GETTING OLD WHEN . . .**



... your self-winding  
watch keeps stopping.

**YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY  
GETTING OLD WHEN . . .**



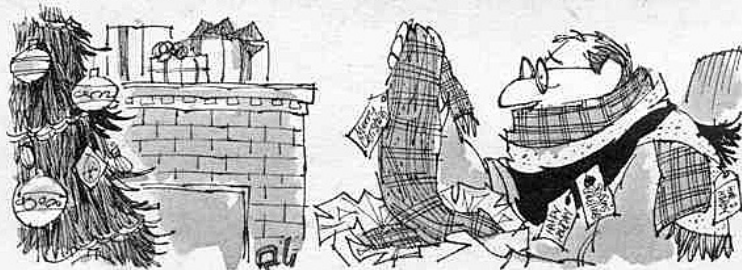
... you buy a pair of  
loafers and put pennies  
in the little slots.

**YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY  
GETTING OLD WHEN . . .**



... you can finally afford all of the  
things you've always wanted ... but your  
doctor won't let you have them.

**YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY GETTING OLD WHEN . . .**



... people stop giving you sport shirts and cologne for  
Christmas ... and start giving you scarves and mufflers.

**YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY  
GETTING OLD WHEN . . .**



... mirrors don't seem nearly as  
fascinating as they used to be.

**YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY  
GETTING OLD WHEN . . .**



... you drink Pepsi—not to  
think young, but to help you burp!

**YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY  
GETTING OLD WHEN . . .**



... you find yourself paying  
close attention to the Laxative  
Commercials on television.

**YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY  
GETTING OLD WHEN . . .**



... you find yourself reading  
the Obituary Columns before  
turning to the Sports Section.



# GETTING OLD When...

WRITERS: PHIL HAHN & JACK HANRAHAN

**YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY GETTING OLD WHEN . . .**



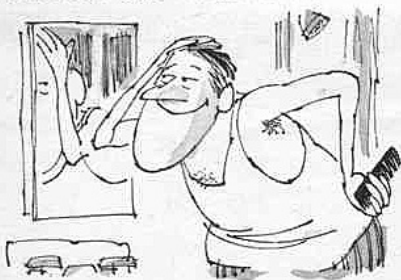
... you burn your Draft Card—and nobody cares!

**YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY GETTING OLD WHEN . . .**



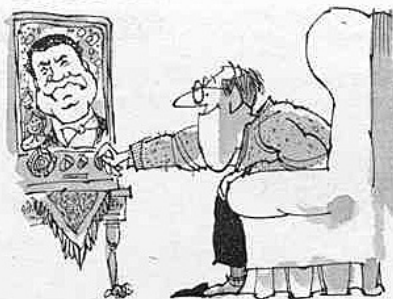
... your "Junk Mail" stops including invitations to join the Playboy Club and starts running more and more to ads for retirement lots in Florida.

**YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY GETTING OLD WHEN . . .**



... you become more convinced each day that gray hair looks distinguished.

**YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY GETTING OLD WHEN . . .**



... you watch the "Miss America Pageant" to hear Bert Parks sing.

**YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY GETTING OLD WHEN . . .**



... the only whistles you hear are on tea kettles.

**YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY GETTING OLD WHEN . . .**

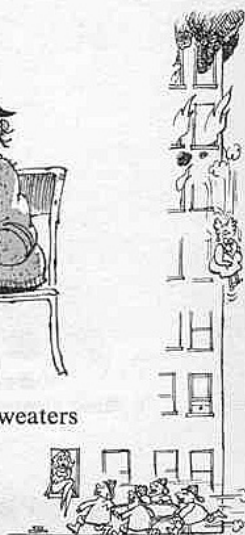


... you go to buy a new outfit, and the clerk doesn't show you anything that isn't gray or dark brown.

**YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY GETTING OLD WHEN . . .**



... you wear stockings for support and sweaters for warmth.



# MY THREE YEARS WITH PRESIDENT KENNEDY

by  
Turk Griswold



## BOUND TO APPEAR DEPT.

According to recent reports, Americans spend almost \$3 billion a year on books. With this in mind, and after considerable research, MAD has come up with its own additional statistics. Of this \$3 billion, only \$167 is

# "BEST-SELLERS" W

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

## SEVEN THOUSAND DIRTY HOURS

Another Lascivious Novel By  
HAROLD ROBBINS



## THE INTIMATE BOOK ON J.F.K. TO END ALL INTIMATE BOOKS ON J.F.K.

which is why I will never forget that fateful day in 1961.

I was collecting the afternoon load of White House garbage and dumping it into my truck like always, when my associate, Angie Bodini, saw that I looked troubled. Knowing that the President always confided in me in subtle ways, Angie put down his can and moved close.

"What's wrong, Turk?" he whispered.

I glanced around to make sure that no one was eavesdropping. "You see those two half-eaten hard-boiled eggs?" I said, pushing back a crumpled copy of the New York Times.

"Yeah," he nodded. "I didn't notice them before."

"You see that bread-and-jelly sandwich, hardly touched?" I continued.

He nodded again.

"See that tremendous load of coffee grounds?" I went on. "It means only one thing!"

Angie grabbed my muscular shoulders. He was very emotional. "Give it to me straight!", he cried. "What does it mean?"

"What else?", I said fatalistically. "He's going ahead with that Bay of Pigs thing!"

"Oh, my God!", Angie hissed. "But why is he telling you all this, Turk?"

"Angie," I sighed deeply. "If a President can't confide in his own Garbage Man, who can he confide in?"

I went back to work, knowing that somehow I would have to pass the information on... first to Jackie, and then to Secretary of State Dean Rusk. It would be a

-89-

## THE SEX NOVEL TO END ALL SEX NOVELS

a deep breath, Lance braced himself and opened the door to the bedroom.

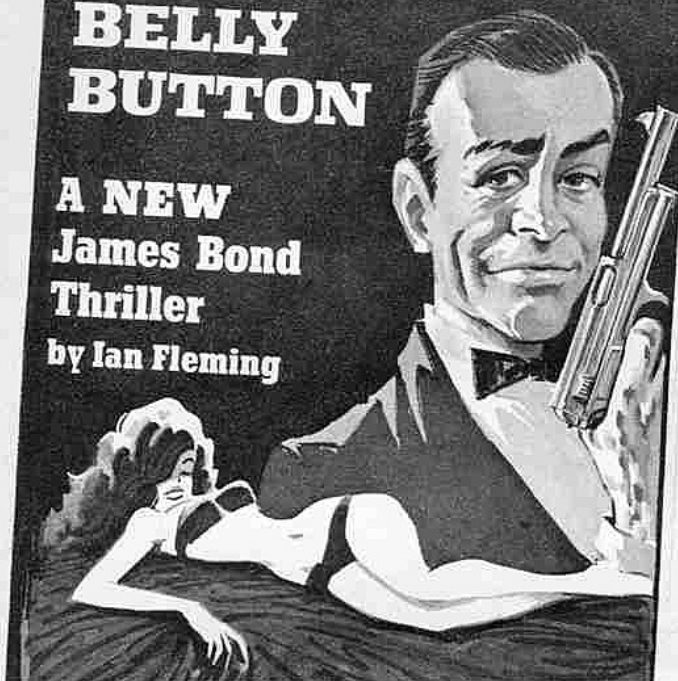
The huge bed was there, just as he'd left it that morning. Except that now, waiting for him in it were: flaming-eyed Sheilah Rogers with heavy-breathing Nancy Norris and hot-lipped Salley Barnes and deep-sighing Carol Blauvelt and itchy-ankled Rosa Vernetti and throbbing-kneed Olga Svensen and quivering-fingered Lotus Soong and twitchy-nosed Marie Roualt and sweaty-palmed Anna Vosnieskinov and lissome Nanooka Yooker and slithery Carmela Ranola and intense Nejla Kassim and marriage-hungry Renée Fink and sloppy Sophie Blunge and TV Repairman Eddie Burke and the starting lineup of the Green Bay Packers and a dachshund named Irving and four Siamese cats with crossed-eyes and a squashed grasshopper and two turtle doves and a partridge

-2-



# THE SPY WITH THE GOLDEN BELLY BUTTON

A NEW  
James Bond  
Thriller  
by Ian Fleming



THE ABSOLUTELY LATEST  
IAN FLEMING NOVEL

A SPECIAL INTRODUCTION BY  
THE PUBLISHER

Despite the sudden and untimely death of author Ian Fleming not too long ago, many publishers are still managing to discover Fleming manuscripts that have never before seen print. Playboy Magazine alone has printed several James Bond stories since their author died.

Well, with this book, we of the Rancid House Publishing Company are going to prove that we are the best "New-Fleming-Story-Finders" of them all. We have a doctor, a clergyman and a mortician who will swear that the last two words of this book were typed by Fleming with a reflex finger-action just one second before he died and exactly four hours and two minutes before rigor mortis set in.

Yes, there is no doubt about it! **THIS** is absolutely the last and final James Bond book written by Ian Fleming before his death! There *cannot* be any others!

And now, before you read and enjoy it, I would like to tell you about the next James Bond book we will soon be publishing. This one was written by Ian Fleming after his death!

You see, while I was attending a seance recently, I happened to receive an emanation from the ectoplasm

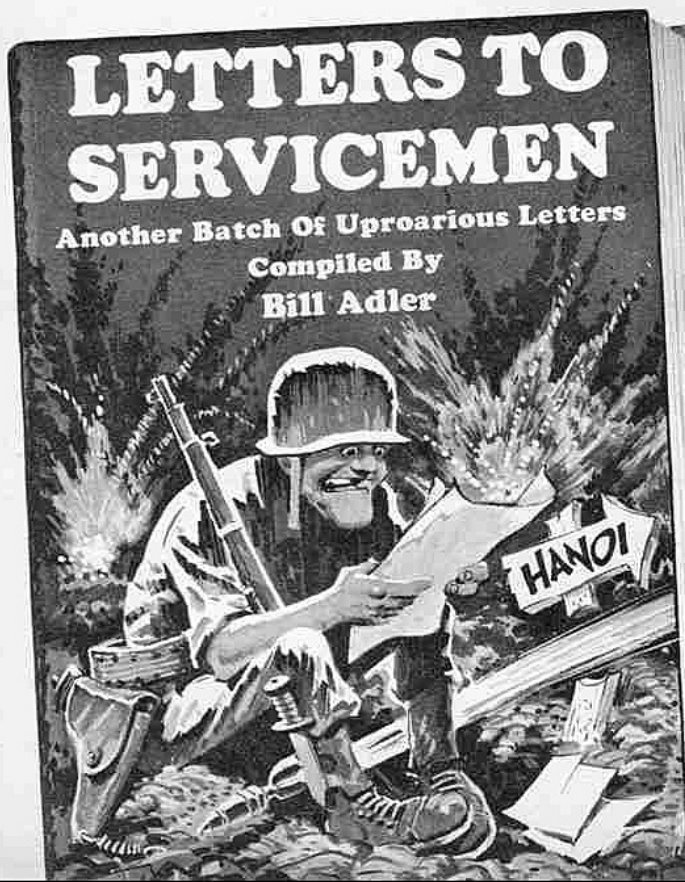
spent on good books! The rest? Well, let's put it this way: if you think TV and the Movies follow nauseating trends, you haven't been following the trends in "Best-Sellers" these days. F'rinstance, here are a few . . .

## E'RE SURE TO SEE

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

# LETTERS TO SERVICEMEN

Another Batch Of Uproarious Letters  
Compiled By  
Bill Adler



THE MOST HILARIOUS COMPILATION  
OF HUMOROUS "LETTERS TO" YET

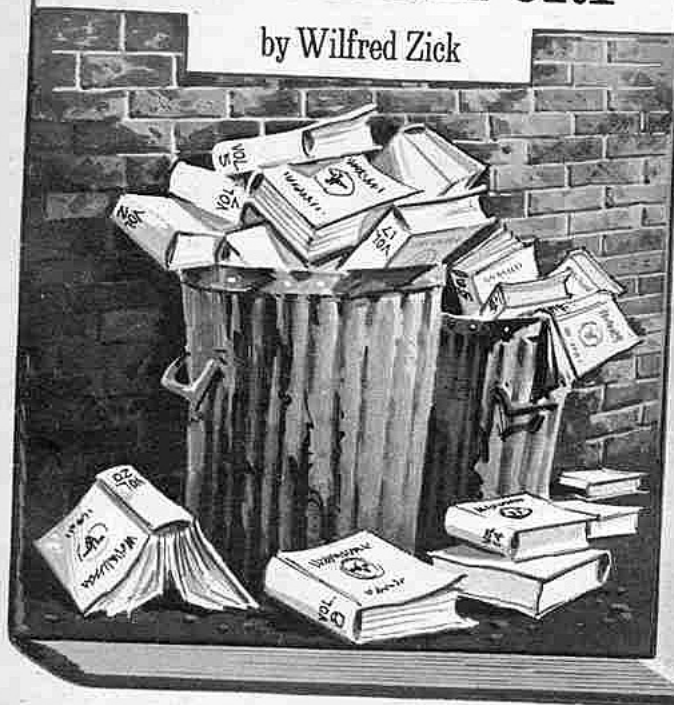
and I hope you are well out there in Vietnam. Oh, by the way, Harold? Do you want to hear something funny? Remember that fellow who used to come to our house to try to sell us encyclopedias? You know, the guy we always used to chase away. Well, he's still coming to the house. Isn't that a scream? But don't worry. He doesn't try to sell me encyclopedias anymore. No sir, he's learned his lesson. In fact, he's been here ten times in the past two weeks and he didn't once talk about encyclopedias.

Well, anyway, you know what he told me yesterday? He told me that he just got a new job in Chile and he's leaving on Friday. Isn't that funny? An encyclopedia salesman in Chile? I laughed, and he laughed, and the four kids laughed. (The kids seem to find him amusing. They say he doesn't mope around the house the way you used to. Isn't that *cute*?)

I can almost hear you chuckling over this story as you read it there in that trench or whatever it is you live in. But wait a minute, here's the punch line: After thinking it over I've decided

# 75,000 THINGS WRONG WITH THE WARREN REPORT

by Wilfred Zick



## THE MOST DETAILED ATTACK YET ON THE WARREN COMMISSION REPORT

and what's more, the page is numbered incorrectly.

(28,243) Pages 197 and 198 were joined together in my edition and had to be cut apart by hand.

(28,244) There was a smudge on the title page.

(28,245) The book doesn't stand up well on a shelf.

(28,246) The pages flop over when you open the book, unless you hold them down.

(28,247) The binding is weak.

(28,248) The pages don't taste good when you lick your fingers to turn them.

(28,249) The book was not dedicated to anyone.

(28,250) The type was hard to read.

(28,251) The writing lacked dramatic style.

(28,252) There was no comedy relief.

(28,253) My theory that the actual assassin was John Wilkes Booth was never explored or even acknowledged, leaving a serious doubt as to the integrity of the Commis-

-185-

# ME, EIGHT WHEELS, AND GOD



THE FANTASTIC AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ROLLER  
DERBY IMMORTAL MIDGE "TOUGHIE" BRASHUN

as told to DICK LYNCH

## THE ULTIMATE SPORTS FIGURE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF OUR TIME

and as I skated on that night, a funny voice within me kept saying, "Give up, Toughie! You'll never make it! You'll never score that tie-breaking winning point!"

Everything seemed to be going against me, all right. I was being chased by five burly 300-pounders, not to mention two or three *men* skaters. And to make matters worse, I suddenly discovered that my equipment had been sabotaged. I was skating on "learners", and I had no skate key, and my right front wheel was boxed.

In Roller Derby competition—the most magnificent and most meaningful sport yet devised by Man—this was the "Moment of Truth". I was about to quit, when I heard another voice, the voice of Roller Derby fan, Barry Yeager, from his hospital bed.

"Win one . . . cough . . . cough . . . for ME tonight, Toughie!" it said, hoarsely.

I gritted my teeth and skated on. "I gotta do it for him!" I whispered. "This one's for you, Barry . . . there in the Bellevue Alcoholic Ward. Just for you . . ."

Well, the rest is Roller Derby history. I scored and we won. And as I stood before the microphone on "Toughie Brashun Night", I brushed aside a tear and said humbly, "I sure am lucky to be a Brooklyn Red Devil, folks!"

A mighty roar went up from the eight throats in the audience, and the applause was deafening as I was lifted

-72-



# THE WEREWOLF



ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE



WRITER: SEMI



## A TURN FOR THE WORSE DEPT.

Late Night Television viewers and insomniacs often spend their evenings switching back and forth, mainly, their electric blankets, from "Warm" to "Medium-Hot". But in addition, they often have a problem deciding which Late Night TV Show to watch. They're usually torn between the "Tonight

# LATE NIGHT

From New York... It's the "TONIGHT SHOW" ... with guest stars: Buddy Hackett, The Supremes, and Professor Irwin Corey! I'm Ed McMahon! And now, here's the star of our show...

CLICK

"COCHISE, SON OF POTCHISE" ... tonight's feature on "THE LATE MILLION DOLLAR MOVIE GREAT" ...

It's Cochise ... leading his war party of savages and shrieking his horrible war cry ...



... the N.B.C. Commissary! I ordered their special... Ham and Swiss on White...

CLICK

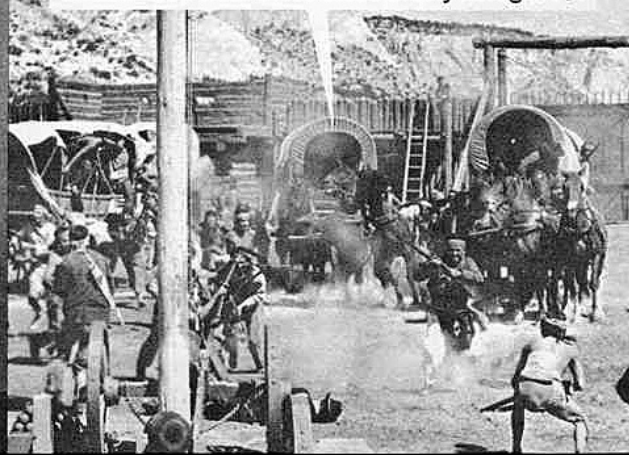
... Man who speak with forked tongue! You burn our land, you steal our cattle, and worst of all, you send us ...



... blasting off a launching pad at Cape Kennedy this morning. The rocket will attempt to make space history by...

CLICK

... destroying the fort! We must save the women and children from those blood-thirsty savages ...



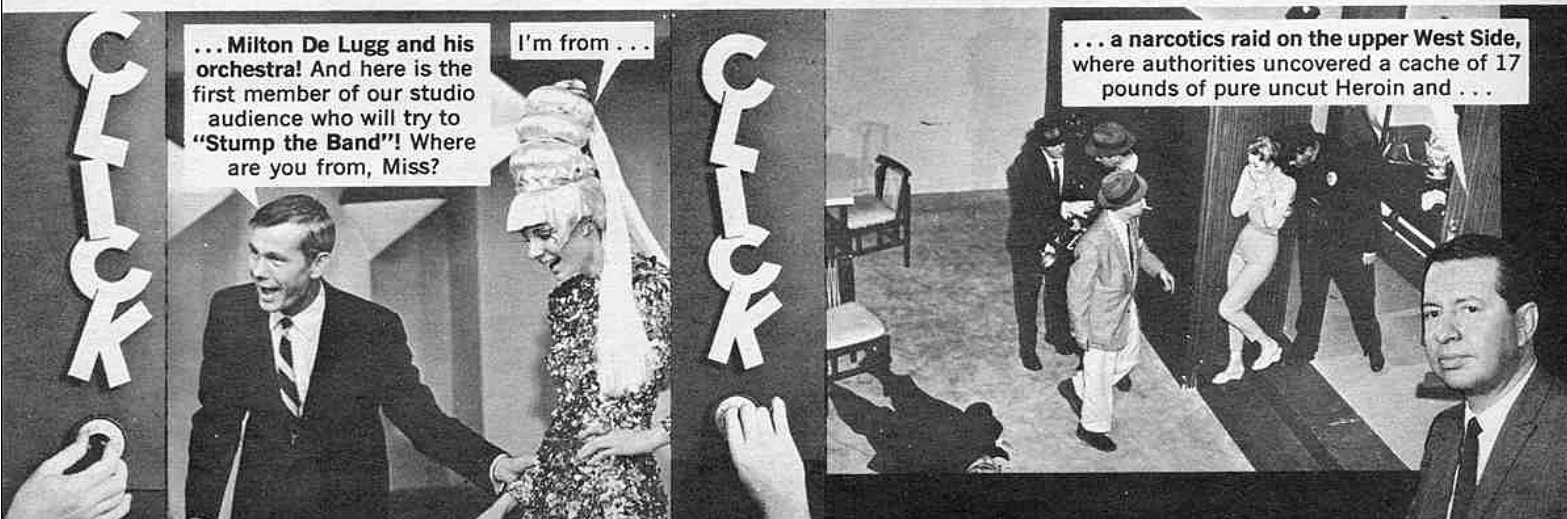




Show", the "Late Movies" and the "Evening News". Here, then, is what happens in millions of homes as parents wait up for their teen-age kids to come back from dates . . . and they play America's Number-One Insomniac Game, as they switch from TV Channel to TV Channel. We call this madness . . .

# TV ROULETTE

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN PHOTOS BY: U.P.I.



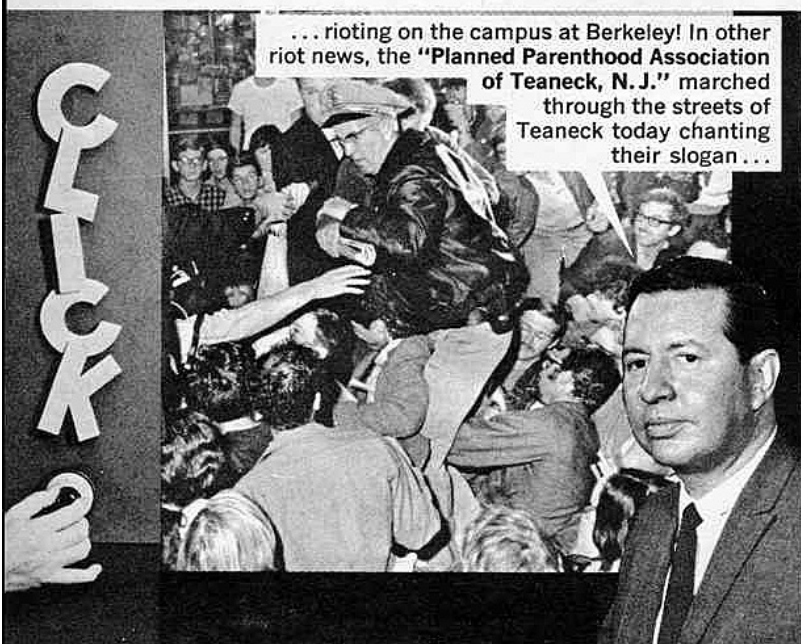


... a copy of my book, "HAPPINESS IS A DRY ..."



... BRUSH FIRE! Those Apaches will destroy our homes unless we get help!

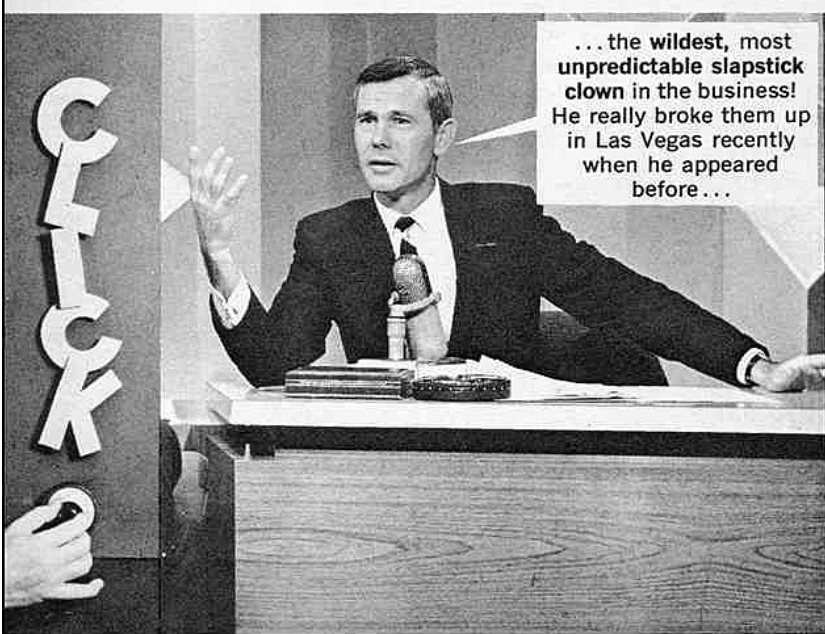
There's only one man in the West who can save us! It's that fearless, gun-slingin', guitar-strummin' masked man—



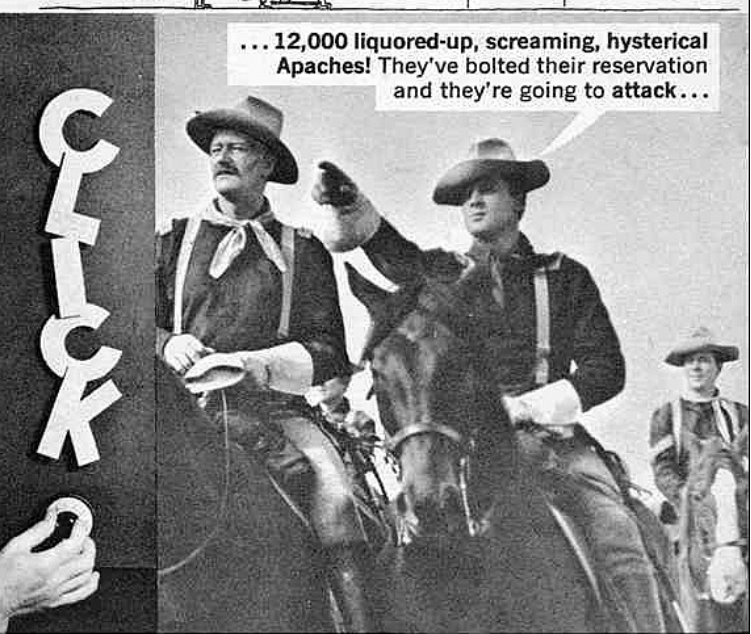
... rioting on the campus at Berkeley! In other riot news, the "Planned Parenthood Association of Teaneck, N.J." marched through the streets of Teaneck today chanting their slogan ...



♪ ... Stop! In the Name of Love—Before ... ♪



... the wildest, most unpredictable slapstick clown in the business! He really broke them up in Las Vegas recently when he appeared before ...



... 12,000 liquored-up, screaming, hysterical Apaches! They've bolted their reservation and they're going to attack ...



... Ronald Reagan! The Governor spent the day huddled with his top advisor and confidante ...

... Buddy Hackett! Buddy has just returned from three hilarious weeks ...



... I drill you full of lead!

I wouldn't try that if I were you, because right behind you is that famous masked man and his faithful companion ...

... Vice-President Hubert H. Humphrey! Mr. Humphrey's speech today left no doubt that he is unquestionably ...



... tomorrow night's guests ... Georgie Jessel, Milt Kamen, Killer Joe Piro and his Dancers, Morty Gunty, Xavier Cugat ... and the glamorous and exciting ...

... Lady Bird Johnson!



A few issues back, we ran an article, titled "Announcements For Everything." Shortly thereafter, Mr. Byron Q. Bixby, of East Spectrum, Oklahoma, wrote in, saying that the article was the "worst

# **MORE** ANNOUNCEMENTS

MRS. LOUELLA QUIGLEY  
REGRETFULLY ANNOUNCES  
THE SUDDEN DEATH OF HER HUSBAND  
QUINCY  
FOLLOWING HIS FAILURE  
TO BID A LAY-DOWN GRAND SLAM  
AT THE ACME BRIDGE CLUB  
ON FRIDAY, THE FOURTH OF FEBRUARY  
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SEVEN

Mr. Mario ("Dutch") Spinelli  
Having Pleaded Guilty To A Lesser Charge  
On Advice Of Counsel  
Requests Your Presence  
At His Sentencing  
At Ten O'Clock On The Morning  
Of Wednesday, The Ninth Of March  
Nineteen Hundred And Sixty-Seven  
United States District Court

Coming-Out Party  
Following Brief 30-Day Rap  
To Be Held In Front Of  
The Federal House Of Detention  
427 West Street

R.S.V.P.

Mrs. Selma Rappaport  
Is Anxious To Announce  
In Minute Detail  
The Lurid Events Leading Up To  
And The Fat Settlement Resulting From  
Her Recent Divorce From  
Arnold Rappaport  
At Reno, Nevada  
On Tuesday, The Twenty-Eighth Of March  
Nineteen Hundred And Sixty-Seven

Freddy Sandler  
Wishes To Thank  
His Classmates At Frisbee High School  
For Their Letter  
Of Sympathy And Condolence  
Following the Untimely Death  
Of His  
1937 Nash

The Remains May Be Viewed At  
Irv's Junk Yard



junk" ever to appear in MAD Magazine. Naturally, we do not agree with Mr. Bixby. The truth of the matter is, the "worst junk" ever to appear in MAD Magazine is the following article, namely . . .

# FOR EVERYTHING

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

Miss Fifi LaVoom  
Is Ecstatic To Announce  
The Acquisition  
Of A Diamond Brooch  
Following A Week-End In Miami  
With Mr. Monroe Mishkin  
Of Mishkin Industries  
On Monday, The Sixth Of February  
Nineteen Hundred And Sixty-Seven

Mrs. Sophie Tishman  
Takes Great Relish  
In Smugly Announcing  
That The Mink Coat  
Supposedly Bought Wholesale  
By Her Sister-In-Law  
Mrs. Walter Weinstock  
Is Actually Muskrat

E Company  
Fourth Battalion  
Second Infantry Regiment  
United States Army  
Requests The Pleasure Of Your Company  
At Its Ninth Weekly  
Latrine Inspection  
On The Morning Of Sunday  
The Twenty-Fifth Of December  
Nineteen Hundred And Sixty-Six  
Fort Dix, New Jersey

Mr. Horace ("Fingers") Mulvaney  
Is Pleased To Announce  
The Opening Of  
The Chase Manhattan Bank's  
Main Vault  
During The Early Morning Hours  
Of Sunday, The Third Of April  
Nineteen Hundred And Sixty-Seven



## ANIMAL SINGDOM DEPT.

A couple of issues back, MAD published a collection of Food Songs. In the article, we said that food is the most important thing in our lives. Well, we were wrong—at least for some people. It seems there is another area in our lives that takes up even more of our time than food. Mainly, the feeding, training, walking and all-around absurdity of pets. Let us, then, give these creatures of fur, fins and feathers the tribute they deserve as we present this assortment of

# SONG

## THE PET-OWNERS CHORUS

(Sung to the tune of "The Jets' Song")

When you've a pet,  
You've a burden for life  
Who will cost you more dough  
Than a gluttonous wife!

When you've a pet,  
You are forced to ignore  
That your living-room looks  
Like the Second World War!



The parrot that yells!  
The St. Bernard that paws you!  
The hamster that smells!  
The Siamese Cat that claws you!  
The Mouse that gnaws you!



When you've a pet,  
You've a friend to the core  
Who will wake you at dawn  
When you've dropped off at 4!  
When you've a pet,  
You're sunk, you bet!

When you've a pet  
You will spend all your days  
With your hand on the button  
Of Aerosol sprays!

When you've a pet  
You can bet on the line  
He'll turn vicious and mean  
When your boss comes to dine!



Your coat and your vest  
Are chewed to little bits there!  
Your rug has been "blessed"  
With something that just sits there!  
You're having fits there!



When you've a pet  
Your contentment is through!  
You've no life of your own  
And your home is a zoo!  
It's a big... smelly...  
noisy... messy... zoo!

## THE DOG-FEEDER'S DIRGE

(Sung to the tune of "The Girl That I Marry")

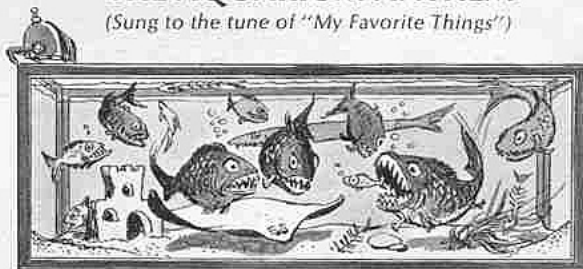


The Dane that I'm feeding,  
I hate to say,  
Is costing me 17 bucks a day!  
He eats a daily meal  
Of T-bones and lamb-chops and shoulders of veal!

And when he is finished, he has a bowl  
Of porterhouse steak and filet of sole!  
His great yearning,  
I am learning,  
Swallows up every penny I'm earning!  
The Dane that I'm feeding  
Is constantly bleeding  
Me dry!

## THE AQUARIUM ANTHEM

(Sung to the tune of "My Favorite Things")



Black, shiny Mollies and bright-colored Guppies—  
Shy little Angels as gentle as puppies—  
Swimming and diving with scarcely a "swish"—  
They were just some of my tropical fish!—

Then I bought Mantas that sting in the water—  
Deadly Piranhas that itch for a slaughter—  
Savage male Bettas that bite with a "squish!"—  
Now I have many less tropical fish!

If you think that  
Fish are peaceful,  
That's an empty wish!  
Just dump them together and leave them alone,  
And soon you will have  
No fish!



# S OF PETS

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

## MELODY FOR A MYNAH

(Sung to the tune of "Dinah")



Mynah!  
There's no bird that talks finah  
From Connecticut to China!  
Other creatures are never  
Clever as she!

Mynah!  
She's so smart I can't bear it—  
Smarter even than a parrot  
When she's imitating me!

But when I've company,  
My Mynah  
Shouts with glee  
Some crude obscenity  
That she picked up from me!

Mynah!  
Better shut your face, Mynah!  
Or I'll feed you turpentine-ah  
And I'll get a chimpanzee!

## SONG FOR A SHEEPDOG

(Sung to the tune of "White Christmas")



I'm screaming at a white sheepdog  
Each time he sits upon my chair!  
It's a thing I'm dreading—  
The way he's shedding  
And coats everything with hair!  
I'm screaming at a white sheepdog!  
If he should visit you some night—  
May his bark be worse than his blight—  
And may all your furniture be white!

## SERENADE TO A WATCHDOG

(Sung to the tune of "Strangers In The Night")

Watchdog in the night—  
I never chained you!  
Watchdog in the night—  
I always trained you  
To protect my house  
Until the night was through!



Then those burglars came—  
You didn't mind it!  
They were after loot—  
You helped them find it!  
Diamond rings and furs  
You quickly led them to!



Watchdog in the night—  
A stupid beagle you were!  
Watchdog in the night—  
But later on when I—  
Returned to my poor home—  
How your jaws did foam!  
You became a snapping dog—  
A crazy, fearless yapping dog!



Whenever I'm in sight,  
It's so upsetting!  
Every time you bite,  
It's me you're getting!  
Now you're full of fight—  
My watchdog in the night!

## A CAROL FOR CATS

(Sung to the tune of "My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean")

A porpoise will flap with his flippers!  
A monkey's both clever and shrewd!  
A basset will bring you your slippers!  
A cat only comes when there's food!

Yecch! Cats!  
Yecch! Cats!  
Don't try to give one to me—to me!  
Yecch! Cats!  
Yecch! Cats!  
Don't try to give one to me!



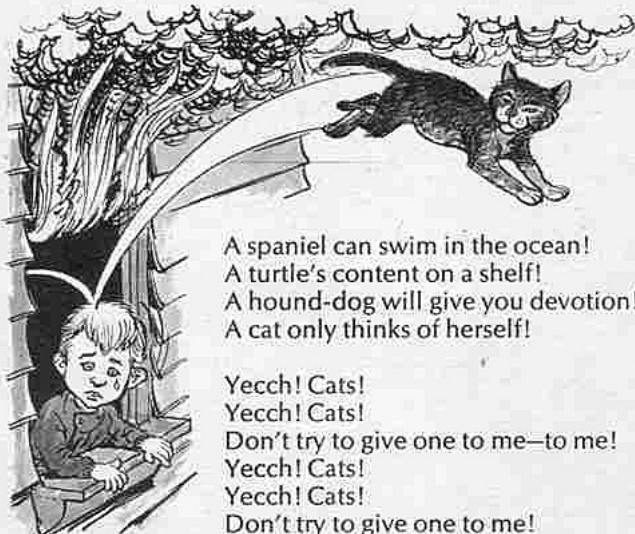
A chimp makes ridiculous faces!  
A skunk has a noteworthy air!  
A snake will return your embraces!  
A cat only claws up a chair!

Yecch! Cats!  
Yecch! Cats!  
Don't try to give one to me—to me!  
Yecch! Cats!  
Yecch! Cats!  
Don't try to give one to me!



A parrot can speak in Italian!  
A goldfish is gorgeous to see!  
A colt will become a proud stallion!  
A cat just gets caught in a tree!

Yecch! Cats!  
Yecch! Cats!  
Don't try to give one to me—to me!  
Yecch! Cats!  
Yecch! Cats!  
Don't try to give one to me!

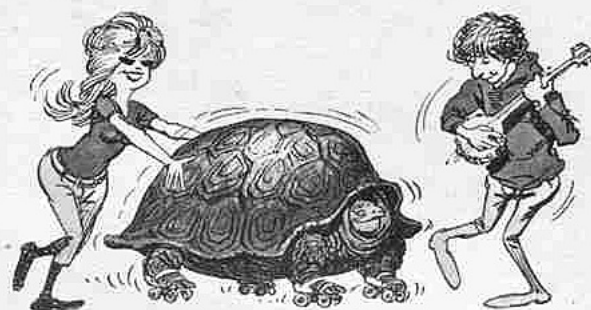


A spaniel can swim in the ocean!  
A turtle's content on a shelf!  
A hound-dog will give you devotion!  
A cat only thinks of herself!

Yecch! Cats!  
Yecch! Cats!  
Don't try to give one to me—to me!  
Yecch! Cats!  
Yecch! Cats!  
Don't try to give one to me!

## HYMN TO A TURTLE

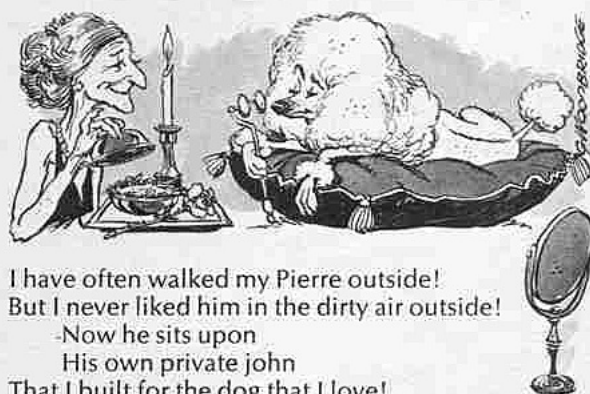
(Sung to the tune of "I've Grown Accustomed To Her Face")



I've grown accustomed to your pace!  
You're like a streak of blazing light!  
I've grown accustomed to the blast  
Of wind when you run past!  
And when you zoom  
From room to room,  
You're like a burst of energy—  
A comet racing through the night!  
You're just a wild and crazy creature  
who is uncontrolled and free!  
No wonder I get dizzy when I see  
you passing me!  
I've grown accustomed to the rush—  
Accustomed to the speed—  
Accustomed to your pace!

## BALLAD FOR A POODLE

(Sung to the tune of "On The Street Where You Live")



I have often walked my Pierre outside!  
But I never liked him in the dirty air outside!  
Now he sits upon  
His own private john  
That I built for the dog that I love!

See the king-size bed that I made for him!  
See those powder-blue pajamas I crocheted for him!  
And should he feel ill  
Here's a Contac pill  
That I give to the dog that I love!

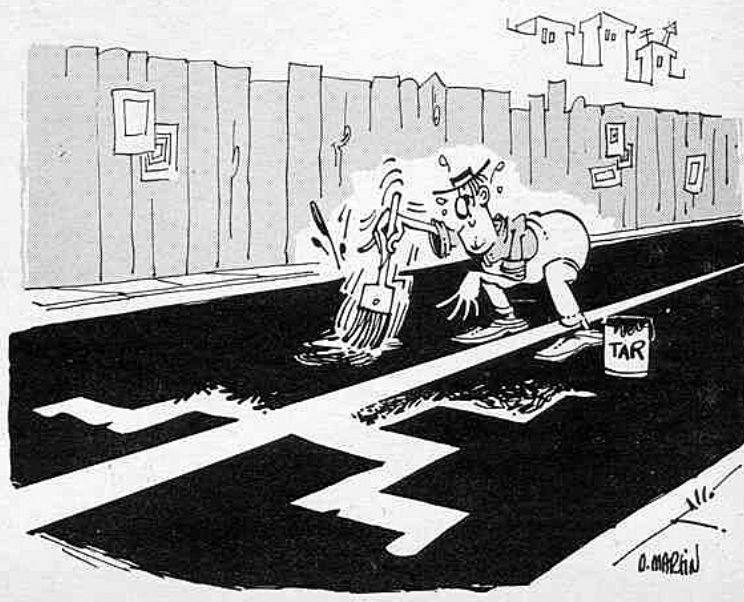
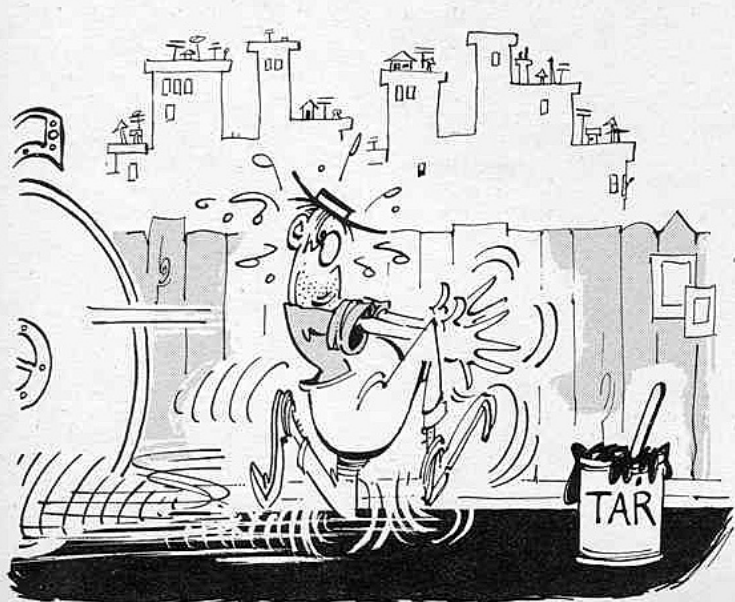
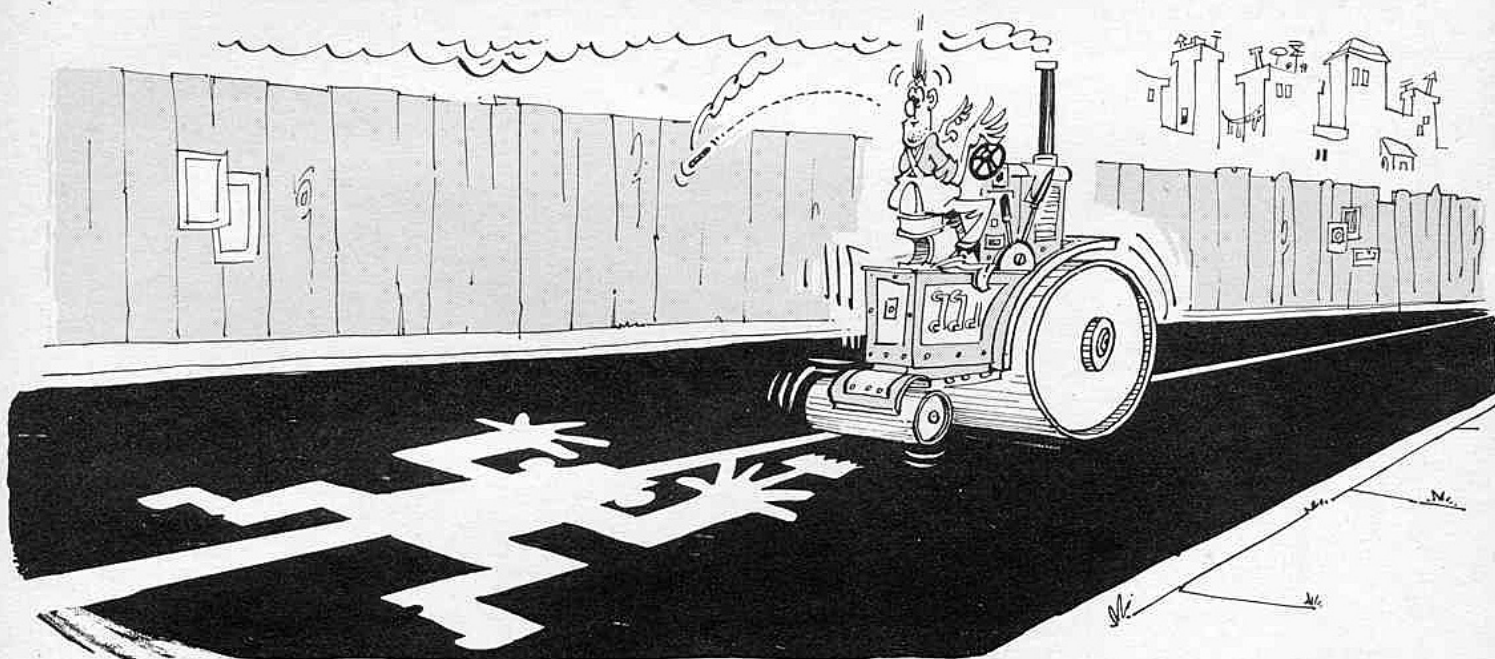
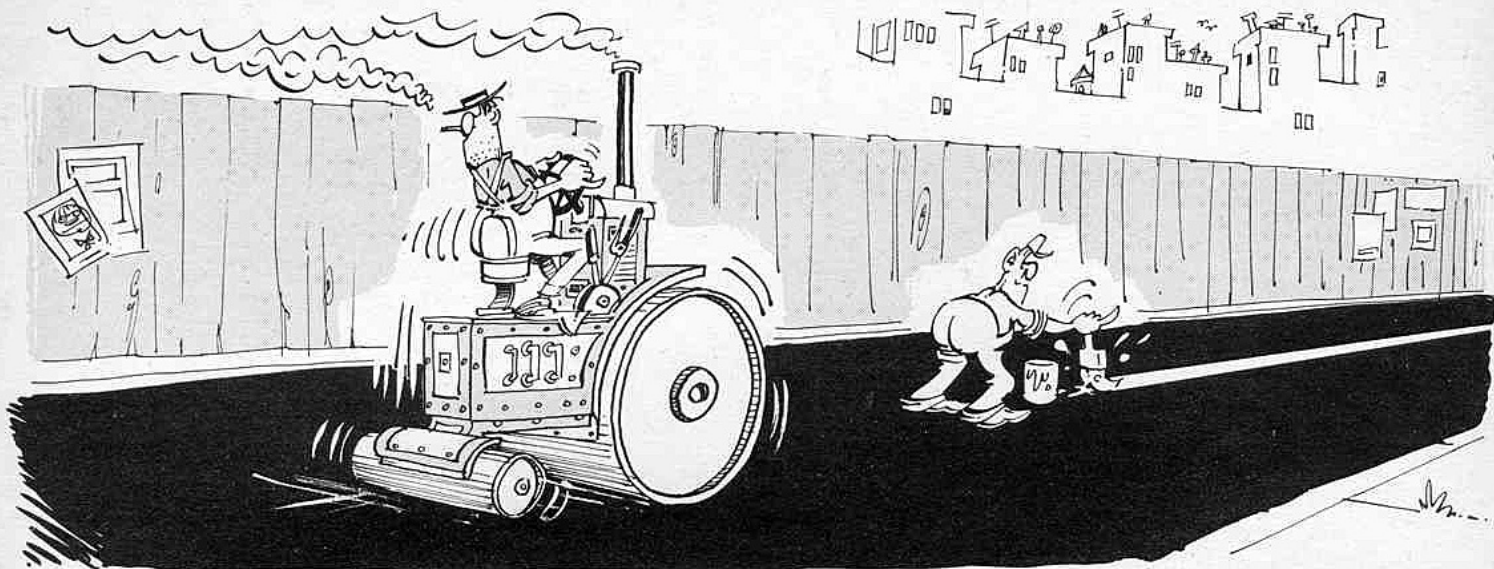
Yet, Oh! He sometimes annoys me!  
When he does, I'm firm as can be!  
But, Oh! It nearly destroys me  
To have to tell him he can't watch his own TV!

I bake chocolate cakes with a glaze for him!  
And if he should lose his hair, I'll get toupees for him!  
And should I drop dead,  
When my will is read—  
All will go to the dog that I love!





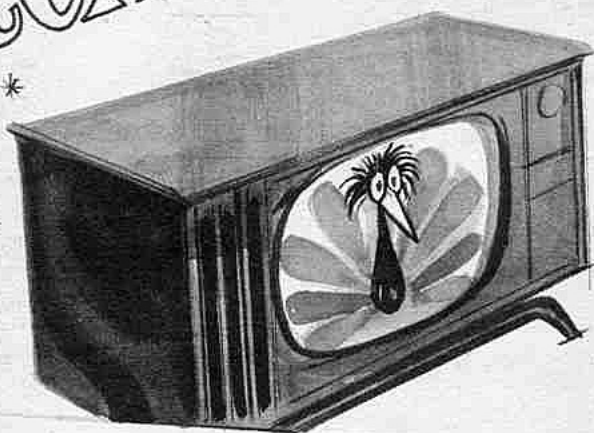
# ON THE ROAD



We've always heard about the big turnover in Advertising Agency Personnel... and judging by the asinine ad campaigns these jokers turn out each year, we

# ADS WE NEVE

RCA Gives YOU THE BEST  
COLOR TV  
in THE WORLD



Color so Natural,  
we Guarantee it  
in Black and White

RCA VICTOR TV

Tire Savings Galore at  
Firestone's



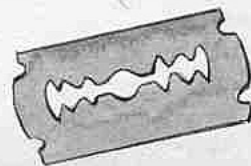
**BIG  
BLOWOUT  
SALE!**

See Your Firestone Dealer Today!

Gillette  
SUPER STAINLESS STEEL BLADES



"FOR A SHAVE  
THAT'S A CUT  
ABOVE ALL OTHERS"





thought we knew why. Until we scrounged around in a few Ad Agency wastepaper baskets. You'll see what we mean as MAD proudly presents some layouts for

# R GOT TO SEE

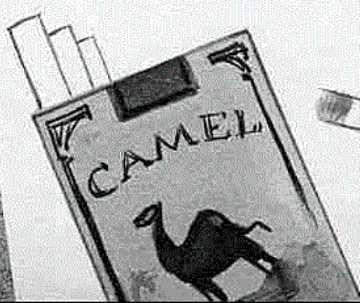
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO



When You're Dying  
for a Cigarette...

try a  
**CAMEL**





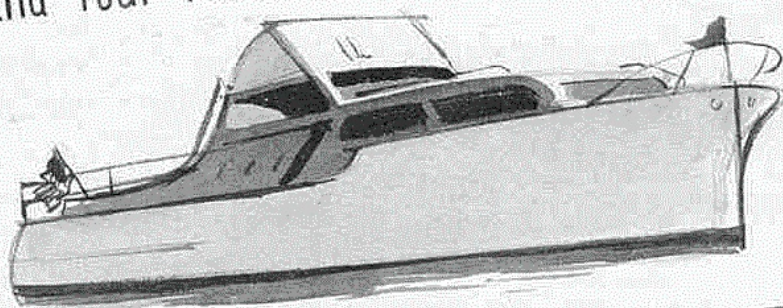
**Westinghouse**  
automatic elevators  
**NEVER LET YOU DOWN!**



Westinghouse...  
*where progress is our  
most important product!*



**End Your Vacation Problems Forever!**



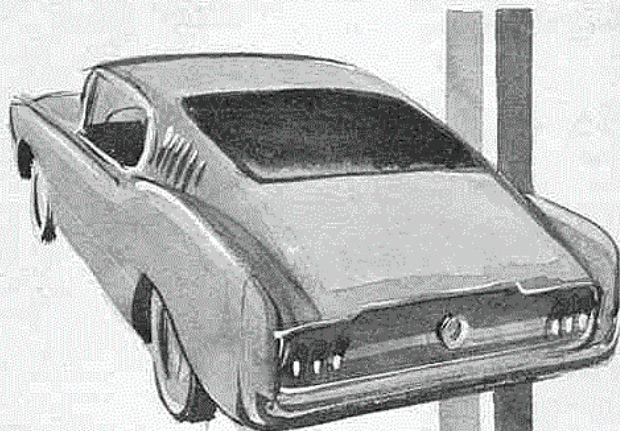
**SINK YOUR  
LIFE SAVINGS  
IN A BOAT!**

*The American Boating Association*

I dreamed I was way out front in my  
*maidenform<sup>\*</sup> bra*



1968 Will be another  
**SMASH-UP YEAR**  
for *Mustang!*



**MUSTANG**





## THE SURLY BIRD MAKES US SQUIRM DEPT.

Remember when it was important to be sweet and likeable in order to make it "big" on Radio or TV? Remember when warm, sunny people like Perry Como, Arthur Godfrey and Ralph Edwards ruled the airways? Well, forget it! The big Radio and TV gimmick now is "Rottenness"! Today, the masochistic public can't seem to get enough of Alan Burke, Joe Pyne, and who knows how many hundreds of other rude, outspoken local personalities around the country who conduct interview and telephone shows. Well, make way now for the rudest and rottenest Television personality of them all, as MAD switches on:

# THE JOE NASTY SHOW

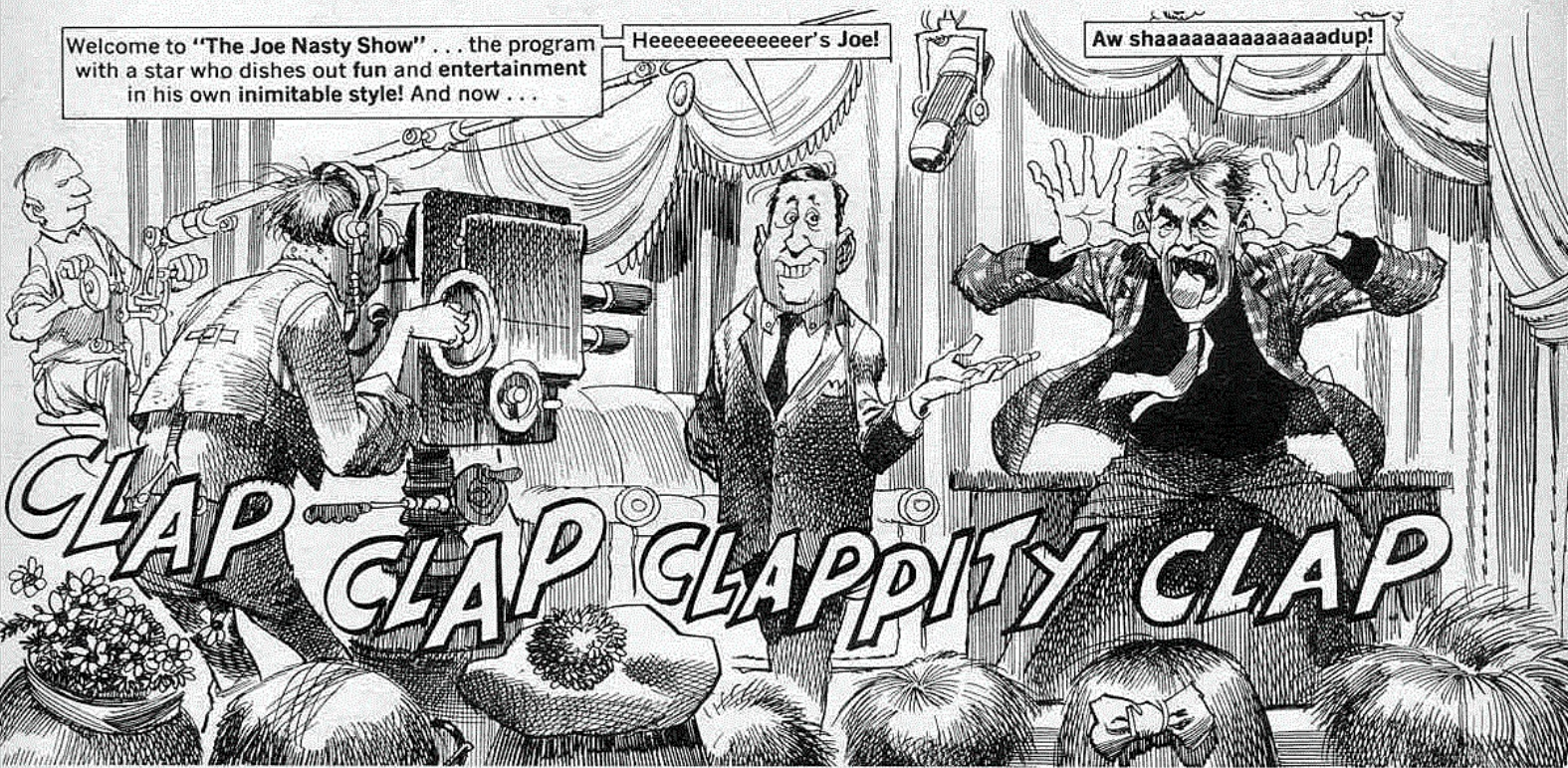
ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

Welcome to "The Joe Nasty Show" . . . the program with a star who dishes out fun and entertainment in his own inimitable style! And now . . .

Heeeeeeeeeeeeeer's Joe!

Aw shaaaaaaaaaaaaaadup!



All right, about our guest lineup tonight. Now listen, and listen good because I'm not repeating myself. Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, The Beatles, Liberace, Sammy Davis Jr., Frank Sinatra, The Seven Santini Bros., and Bobby Kennedy . . . they will not be on! Oh, they begged me, but I said no dice! And you know why I turned them down? Because I know you people out there want them! And if you think you're going to have pleasure at my expense, forget it, Charlie!

Okay, I guess I have to do my opening monologue now . . .

Look, I thought I told you people to shaaaaadup!

A funny thing happened to me on the way to the studio tonight. I ran over a horse with my car. I won't say my hotel room is small, but it looks like a garbage dump. I won't say the weather in New York is bad, but yesterday 412 people died of frostbite.

Okay, so much for the jokes!





Look, you slobs, this is my last warning!  
SHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAADUP! Stop that  
stupid applause or I'll clear the studio!

Hello, Joe. We're going to have a wonderful show tonight. As  
your Announcer, who has been with you throughout your whole  
show business career, and as your closest personal friend,  
who once saved your life in a mine field during World War II  
I can't tell you how happy I am to be . . .

You're  
fired!

Ha, ha,  
good old  
Joe, always  
joking! Now  
what do  
you say we  
start off  
the show  
by . . .

I mean it, creep!  
Get lost! And take  
that obnoxious  
reject from the  
Musicians Union  
who calls himself  
a Band-Leader  
with you!

Well, if that's the way  
you feel, I'm happy  
to leave! I've tried to  
get along with you all  
these years, but you  
have no idea how  
miserable it's been  
working for some-  
one who hates me!

Why  
didn't you  
say so?  
In that  
case,  
you're  
re-hired!

Okay, Joe, telephone  
time. Time to discuss  
some of the important  
issues of the day with  
the people at home. Oh,  
there's the phone now!

Hello! Who? Listen to me and  
listen good, you stupid broad!  
I hate you and everything you  
stand for, and if you ever call  
me again, I'll ram your phone  
down your throat!

Who  
was  
that?

My wife! Now  
bring on the  
strangers!...

Before our next call, Joe,  
I've got a message from the  
makers of Mygrin Mouth  
Deodorant. Folks, do you . . .

What  
is  
this  
junk!

Joe, please! It's one of our  
sponsors! He's paying  
thousands of dollars for this  
1 minute spot. He's helping  
people fight bad breath!

I'd rather smell bad  
breath than this  
gunk! Now bring on  
the first guest!  
I don't have all night!

CRASH



I'm your first guest, Mr. Nasty. My name is Dr. Harris Saint. I have spent 30 years of my life working on a cure for Cancer. I have never made a penny on my work, but I don't care. Saving mankind is my only dream. Perhaps you've heard of me. I'm called "The Saint of Western Civilization."

Sit down, Commie!

Mr. Nasty, I am not a Communist!

Oh no? Well what right do you have to deprive me of my God-given right to have Cancer? Don't worry, I know how you Commies work. First you start nibbling away at our basic diseases, and then before you know it, you want to conquer them all! Isn't that right? Isn't it? Huh? Huh? Answer me!

But, Mr. Nasty!

Aw, shut your Red Trap! Bring on the next guest!



And now, Joe, here she is, that adorable Roumanian, La La LaBore!

Dollinks, it's so vunderful beink back here again. Let me kiss you, sweety!



Und you, you little devil ...

Saint!

Joe, you're being very impolite ...

Thanks!



Und a special big kiss for my special sweetie-cutie beauty, Joe ...



Does he always punch women?

Never! Up till now, it's been nothing but little girls and old men!



JOE WILL BE RIGHT BACK! DON'T SWITCH THE DIAL OR HE'LL BRAIN YOU!





Welcome back to "The Joe Nasty Show". And now, for your viewing pleasure, Bimbo and his trained—

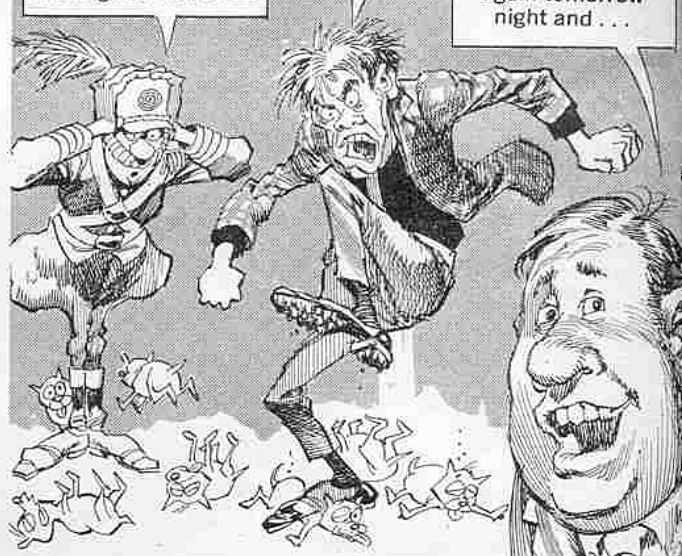
Oh, no! Not another one of those idiotic dog acts! Out! Out! Go haunt the Ed Sullivan Show where you belong! Go mess up Radio City Music Hall stage! But stay off my show!

All right, Mr. Nasty, but please be careful. The dogs are very small and delicate and . . . Oh my God! You just stepped on Myron!

Oh, dear, there goes Harold . . . and there goes Sheldon . . . and there goes Rosie . . .

This is fun! I almost feel like smiling!

And so ends another "Joe Nasty Show." Tune in again tomorrow night and . . .



Hold it! Hold it! I'm not going off the air!

But Joe, you've got to leave! The station is getting ready to sign off for the night!

Don't bother me! I decided that I just don't feel like leaving!

Turn him off! Turn him off!

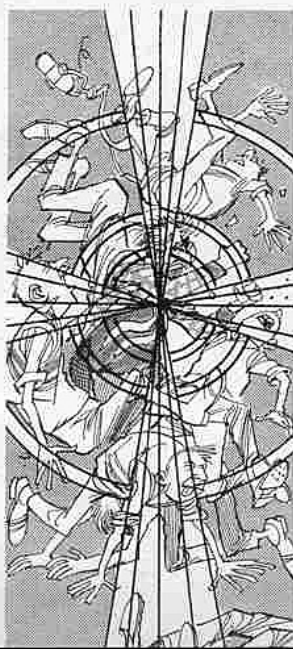
He doesn't want me to, so I can't!

But I want you to!

But you're not holding my mother hostage somewhere in a deserted warehouse outside the city!



**DUE TO  
TECHNICAL  
DIFFICULTY  
THE NATIONAL  
ANTHEM  
WILL NOT BE  
PLAYED TONIGHT**



Good morning. It is 6:30 A.M. and this station officially begins its broadcasting day with the Morning Meditation. This morning I would like to read passages from the Good Book on the importance of love and kindness for one's fellow man. As it is written in . . .

**Commie!  
COMMIE!**





**WHAT WILL  
BE THE  
ULTIMATE  
IDEA IN  
"MOD"  
FASHIONS?**

**HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS  
MAD FOLD-IN**

First came short skirts. Then came mini-skirts. Then came micro-skirts. If this "Mod" trend in fashions continues, there will be only one design choice left. To find out what this daring and bold new concept will be, fold page in as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

**A** ➡

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

⬅ **B** FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



WRITTEN & DRAWN  
BY AL JAFFEE

PETITE GALS WEARING THIS ULTIMATE IN MOD  
FASHIONS WILL LOOK VERY APPEALING. BUT BIG  
GALS WILL HAVE TO STEER CLEAR, OR INVITE  
LEERS INSTEAD OF SMILES, ADMIRATION AND RAVES

**A** ➡

⬅ **B**



# MAD's Great Moments In Politics

